

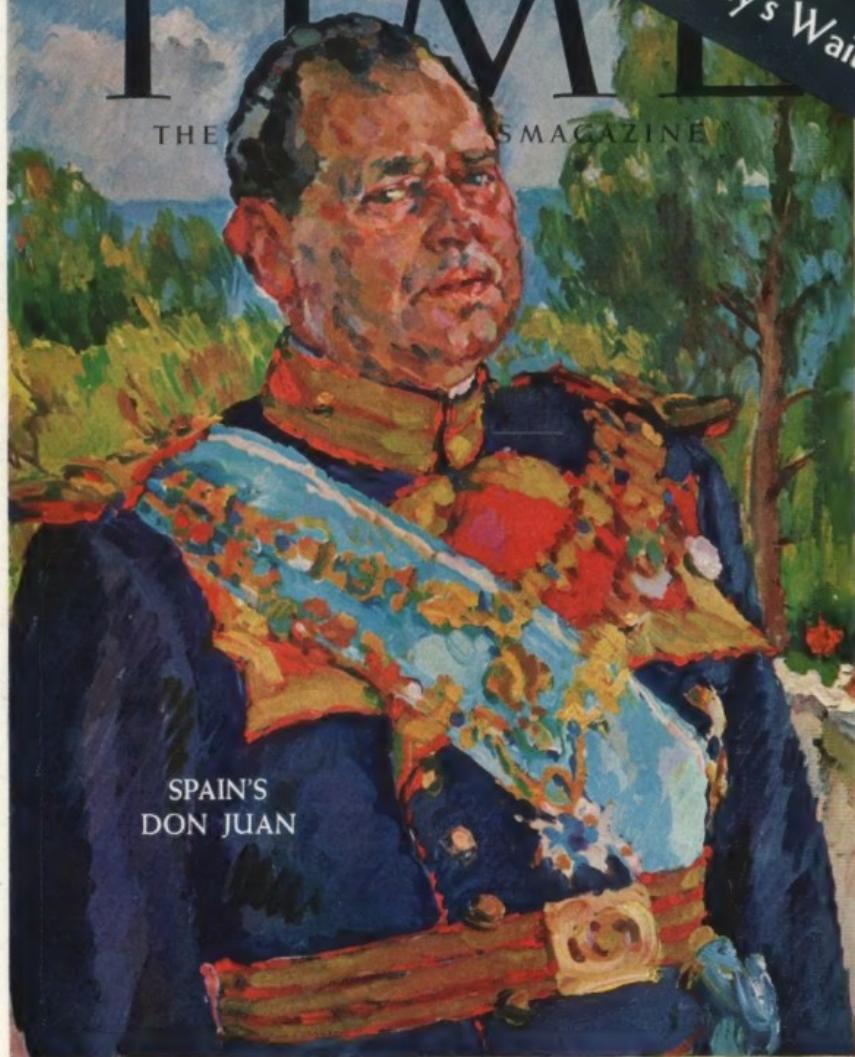
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JUNE 22, 1962

SPAIN: Everybody's Waiting

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXXIX. NO. 25

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New Wilson Staff ball leaps off the tee
40% faster than the speed of the club



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Every golfer strives for distance and accuracy in his game. And here are the four inner secrets that give the new Wilson Staff ball the life and power to leap off the tee 40% faster than you can swing a club.

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LETTERS

Rocky

Sir:
It is indeed a joy to hear about a man such as Governor Rockefeller [June 15]. It has been a long time since we have heard a state politician advocating states' rights who doesn't mean: "Keep your bureau-pickin', big-Government hands off our corrupt and inefficient local mess."

TERRY M. FLANAGAN
West Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:
If anybody can save this nation from Kennedyism, it is he.

THOMAS A. CARLSON
Fredonia, N.Y.

Sir:
Your lead article on Nelson Rockefeller shamefully tries to whitewash the most important fact that will cause his defeat at the polls this fall—his divorce.

JOHN B. BOUCHER
Johnson City, N.Y.

Sir:
Has Artist Koerner pictured Rockefeller with cigarette in hand? If so, either TIME's text lies or Artist Koerner displays a lack of artistic acumen.

FARLEY NESBIT
Syracuse, N.Y.

► Let Reader Nesbit don his own glasses and look again at Non-Smoker Rockefeller.—ED.

Teddy

Sir:
You used all the insidious techniques of journalism in your biased and indeed malicious article about Ted Kennedy [June 15].

Did it occur to you that Ted may be amply qualified for the Senate in his own right?

JAMES WILLIAM PRICE
San Francisco

Sir:
If Jack and Bobby can put Ted in the Senate, then Laos won't be the only country with three princes.

R. P. ORNSTEEN
Gladwyne, Pa.

Sir:
Come, now, there aren't that many post offices in Massachusetts.

PAUL M. MEADER
Georgetown, Mass.

► Well, there are more than 500.—ED.

Sewing Back an Arm

Sir:
I wish to thank you for your article on Everett Knowles [June 8].

I have been following the Boston papers since the accident and hopefully watching his



EVERETT KNOWLES

progress. This is the first time I really found out what happened to the child. Through your diagram and article I got a clear and concise picture of what has been done for him.

JANE E. WALKER
Marshfield Hills, Mass.

► Last week, just 21 days after his arm was cut off, Everett was released from the Massachusetts General Hospital with circulation fully restored to the arm (see cut). Doctors will decide next month about the job of connecting the severed nerves, and it would be at least 18 months before such an operation could take place.—ED.

Use Your Own Crayons

Sir:
The vampire who is responsible for the publication of pages from the *JFK Coloring Book* [June 8] should get on his knees and pray God's forgiveness for the most pernicious, diabolical, venomous, ruthless, inhuman attack of all.

VERNA K. SMITH
Kilgore Junior College District
Kilgore, Texas

Sir:
See the pretty stock exchange?
Color it pretty.
Do not color the window; it is open.
See the man on the window sill?
He is a businessman; color him poor.
Color him quick; he won't be there long.

J. GARY DUNN
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

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Sir:

Color me "tickled pink" after reading your excerpts from the *JFK Coloring Book*.

CHARLES E. SCHROETER
Moses Lake, Wash.

The Beauties

Sir:
Hey—that color photo of Grace Kelly [June 8] is the most strikingly beautiful picture of a woman I've ever seen.

It should have been on the cover of TIME.

HANK MAYO

Milwaukee

Sir:

Orchids to TIME and to Photographer Halsman for including Madame Houboult-Boigny among a gallery of reigning beauties. For the nation's colored reigns, it offers an example of "how to succeed in life without being Caucasian."

(THE REV.) LEWIS P. BOHLER JR.
Church of the Advent
Los Angeles

Sir:

When I got to the last photo, I gasped with surprised pleasure at that straightforward American gaze of Jackie Kennedy. What a smashing presentation.

MARGARET GEGHEN ROTH

Chicago

Old Doodad Twist

Sir:
No doubt your California correspondent's basic account of Oakland's Golden State Square Dance Roundup [June 8] was reasonably accurate. But the added material sounded as if it came out of a book about Early American square dancing.

These days, square dancers all over the country dance Western style. In this type of square dancing, all four couples in a square are in action at once, and you never see "the head lady turn the right-hand gent once around, once around," as in the old Doodad dance you quoted.

Probably few of the 1,000,000 serious square-dance buffs you refer to have ever danced to such tunes as *Skip to My Lou*, *Turkey in the Straw*, *Buffalo Gals* or *Nellie Gray*. Singing square-dance calls are now based on current pop tunes, and even include the twist.

ALBERT L. ABBOTT
Michigan State Square Dance Convention
Detroit

Cost of Medicare

Sir:

TIME was taken in by the proponents of the King-Anderson bill in its otherwise excellent report on the medicare rally [June 1].

The cost of the program would not be only \$1.1 per person, as you indicated; by the Administration's own figures, the increase in Social Security taxes for next year would be \$55 per person, of which half would be paid by the employee and half by the employer. This is because, in addition to the 1 1/2% increase in taxes, the Administration would increase the base from \$4,800 to \$5,100, a fact which has received very little publicity from proponents of the bill.

WALLACE F. BENNETT
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

► Reader Bennett's figures are correct. But the \$1.1 figure is what the Administration figures the "average taxable wage earner"



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would pay specifically for medicare, eliminating the portion of the increased payment that would go to old age assistance.—Ed.

S is for ?

Sir:

In your June 15 People section, Harry S. Truman is admonishing newsmen not to put a period after the *S* in his name because

HARRY S. TRUMAN INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI

it is a middle name, not an initial. I enclose a copy of Mr. Truman's letterhead, complete with period after the *S* (*see cut*).

THOMAS G. MOSHIER
Strongsville, Ohio

Joe, You Made the Asp Too Short

Sir:

Re your report on Cleopatra's death scene [TIME, June 8]: the Egyptian asp is a cobra, attaining a length of about 5 ft. when grown. Newly hatched asps would probably be at least 9 or 10 in. long. The 6-in. Egyptian asp—in training for two months—used by 20th Century-Fox in its forthcoming film *Cleopatra* evidently is a retarded baby, poor thing.

Does Joe Mankiewicz seriously expect people to believe that a creature like that would be capable of dispatching so formidable an object as Elizabeth Taylor?

HILDA SIMON

New York City

Living Dolls

Sir:

The Barry Goldwater doll: You wind it up and it walks backwards!

PAULA WOSK

Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

You forgot the John Birch doll: wind it up and it points a finger at you.

GENE HELFMAN

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sir:

Then there's the Nixon doll: wind it up and it goes through a crisis.

(MRS.) PATRICIA JONES

Charlottesville, Va.

Sir:

In my collection I have a Kennedy doll: wind it up and it calls you an s.o.b.

(MRS.) ANITA STATHAKES

Boston

Sir:

You wind up the elephant doll and it pins everything on the donkey.

HARRY PAYNE

Worcester, Mass.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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of many nations. Recent example: Peru — where they have cut three years from a road-building project by hauling heavy equipment into remote regions. No paved landing fields needed—because Hercules is built to land and take off in rough clearings—on dirt, sand, or grass—even on ice and snow when equipped with skis.

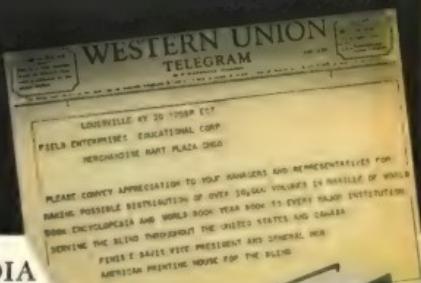
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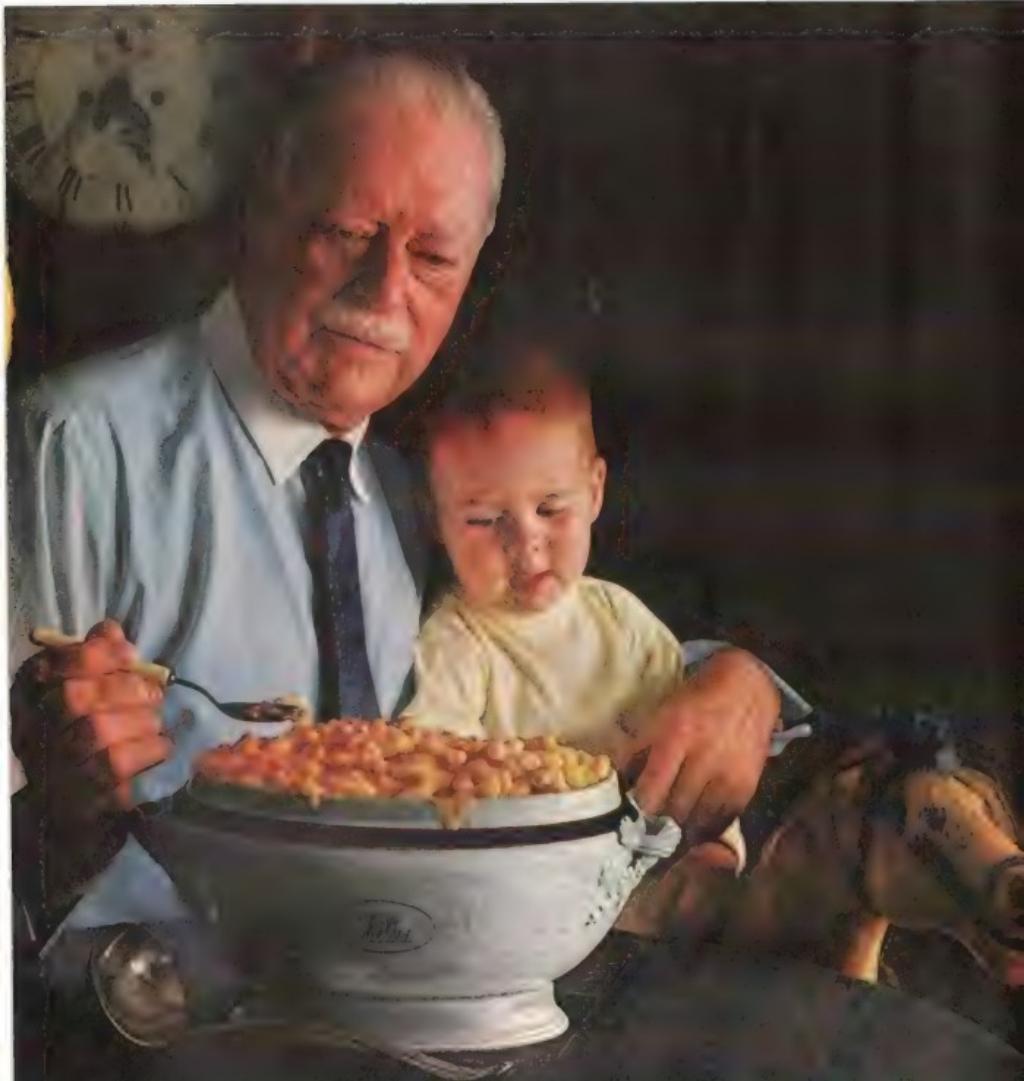
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THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

An Education

At their father's table, the talk was largely about politics. It was lively conversation, rarely dwelling on subjects like business and economics. One result: the Kennedy boys grew up to be active, able, enthusiastic politicians. But though they have plenty, they did not learn deep lessons about money, at least not in its relationship to economic policy and principle. Only now is John F. Kennedy getting his economic education—the hard way.

Many businessmen now charge that President Kennedy is anti-business. He is not against business; the problem is one of understanding. In both his public and private talk and even when he is trying to be most conciliatory he tends to refer to business as "them"—as though "they" were some strange entity. When he crushed Big Steel, he surely did not anticipate that he was triggering a crisis of confidence in the business community. He did not seem to realize that intervening bluntly in the U.S. economic system is something like slapping a lady: no one can really tell what will happen but the results will almost surely be disastrous.

Now the gulf between the President and "them" is great. One bitter New York investor, recalling how the stock market plunged after Dwight Eisenhower's fatal heart attack, muttered last week: "I wonder what would happen if Kennedy had a heart attack." Donning cap and gown at Yale's commencement exercises, President Kennedy delivered a speech on economics that was characteristically stronger on style than on substance. And even though he was trying to hold out a hand of friendship to U.S. business, he could not resist a threat of the sort that has so shaken business confidence. If a contest in angry argument were forced upon it, he said, "no Administration could shrink from response, and history does not suggest that American Presidents are totally without resources in an engagement forced upon them because of hostility in one sector of the society."

Such talk served only to broaden the gulf between the President and "them." And that certainly was not what he intended. For a basic point of his speech was that all segments of the nation's society must now work together in the interest of economic progress. With the economy moving at a pace that cannot be accepted as satisfactory, no one could afford to disagree with that aim.

THE ECONOMY

Myths & Taxes

The standard economic indicators are far from alarming. Industrial production edged up in May, reaching a record high. Nonfarm employment increased by more than the normal seasonal advance, achieved a new peak for the month of May. The average factory work week lengthened to 40.5 hours, a figure not ex-

ceeded since 1957. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon opposed any such remedy on the theory that it would interfere with the broad tax-reform program that the Administration has promised for later. Testifying before Virginian Harry Byrd's Senate Finance Committee, Dillon made this decision seem unshakably firm. Asked Byrd: "As the chair understands it, you have no immediate intention of recommending a tax reduction at this session



PRESIDENT KENNEDY AT YALE COMMENCEMENT

Only now, and the hard way

ceeded since boomerang 1957. All in all, said Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges after reading off a batch of statistics, business still looks awfully good. Nevertheless, the New Frontier was worried.

Even the most encouraging indicators still lacked the surge that the Administration had hoped for. And then there was the stock market (see BUSINESS). Was its performance a signal of trouble ahead? And if it was, how should it be treated?

Many businessmen and economists felt that there was a need for immediate action—and the most obvious medication was a quick tax cut. On this point, some conservative businessmen found themselves in rare agreement with Minnesota's liberal Senator Hubert Humphrey, who demanded an immediate \$5 billion slash

in taxes. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon opposed any such remedy on the theory that it would interfere with the broad tax-reform program that the Administration has promised for later. Testifying before Virginian Harry Byrd's Senate Finance Committee, Dillon made this decision seem unshakably firm. Asked Byrd: "As the chair understands it, you have no immediate intention of recommending a tax reduction at this session

"of Congress?" Replied Dillon: "None whatsoever." But the policy was not really that solid. Dillon assumed that the economy would perk up without a tax cut. If it fails to do so, the argument of Walter Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, who wants an early tax reduction, will probably prevail.

"**Enemy of the Truth.**" Having decided to do nothing for the time being, the Kennedy Administration came forward with speeches pronouncements and comments about the economy. The most conspicuous effort was President Kennedy's Yale University speech. It was the work of several minds. Sometime Harvard History Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr., now a presidential assistant, tried several



WELL, IT'S A NEW ONE ANYWAY

drafts. Another former Harvard professor, Economist John Kenneth Galbraith (now Ambassador to India) contributed a memo. Presidential Aide Ted Sorenson, a longtime Kennedy speechwriter, put together a separate draft, which with some sprinklings from Schlesinger and Galbraith, became the basis of the final version. Kennedy himself devoted hours to rewriting the speech, and he was still jutting away on the speaker's platform at Yale when the moment came for him to step forward.

Administration insiders billed the speech as an effort to conciliate business, and as a charter of economic policy. Its heart was an extended attack on what the President called "myths." Said he: "As every past generation has had to disenthrall itself from an inheritance of truism and stereotype, so in our own time we must move on from the reassuring repetition of stale phrases to a new, difficult, but essential confrontation with reality. For the great enemy of the truth is very often not the lie—deliberate, contrived

and dishonest—but the myth—persistent, persuasive and unrealistic." Kennedy catalogued the myths:

Big Government. "Let us take first the question of the size and shape of Government. The myth is here that Government is big and bad—and steadily getting bigger and worse." Not so, said the President. "For the fact is for the last 15 years the Federal Government, and also the federal debt, and also the federal bureaucracy, have grown less rapidly than the economy as a whole . . . The truth about big Government is the truth about any other great activity: it is complex. Certainly it is true that size brings dangers, but it is also true that size also can bring benefits."

Budget. "Next, let us turn to the problem of our fiscal policy. Here the myths are legion . . . The myth persists that federal deficits create inflation and budget surpluses prevent it. Yet sizable budget surpluses after the war did not prevent inflation, and persistent deficits for the last several years have not upset our basic price stability." Accordingly, "honest assessment plainly requires a more sophisticated view than the old and automatic cliché that deficits automatically bring inflation."

Confidence. "Finally, I come to the problem of confidence." In this instance, the myth is that "any and all unfavorable turns of the speculative wheel" result from "lack of confidence in the national Administration." That notion, Kennedy argued, is false. "Corporate plans are not based on a political confidence in party leaders but on an economic confidence in the nation's ability to invest and produce and consume."

Such myths, said the President in his summing up, stand in the way of coping with the problems and challenges of the 1960s. "Some conversations I have heard in our country sound like old records, long-playing, left over from the middle '30s . . . If there is any current trend toward meeting present problems with old clichés, this is the moment to stop it—before it lands us all in a bog of sterile acrimony."

President Kennedy and his advisers place boundless faith in his powers of persuasion on TV screens ("We don't need the press any more," said a New Frontiersman last week, "We've got TV") and public platforms. So it must have come as a jolting disappointment to the Administration that the Yale speech notably failed to reassure the business community.

Businessmen were quick to explode at the Kennedy mythology (editorial cartoonists, of course, had a field day). Business is less worried about big Government, as such, than about the spirit in which the vast powers of Government are exercised by the Kennedy Administration—as in the steel case. The inflationary effects of budget deficits are no myth; but neither is it a bold new notion for the '60s that deficits can have a beneficial effect in times of economic downturn. Liberal economists have long held that theory. Nobody claims that lack of confidence in the Administra-



OH GOLDILOCKS

tion is the sole cause of the current economic difficulties. But investment decisions do depend on estimates of the future—and the Administration's performance so far has not given businessmen a very bright vision of the future.

Beyond all his verbal assurances, President Kennedy has taken some actions to conciliate business. He has appointed U.S. Steel Corp.'s Chairman Roger M. Blough, to head a businessmen's committee to propose ways of dealing with the U.S.'s gold outflow. Last week, to show that he can be tough on labor too, he publicly condemned a threatened strike by airline flight engineers (see following story). Bobby Kennedy recently invited 15 big businessmen to lunch, attempted to persuade them that his brother is not really hostile to business. But he—like his big brother—felt compelled to warn them that continued hard feeling on their part might lead to presidential hostility.

Businessmen take little comfort from the tax revision bill that the Administra-



SECRETARY DILLON HAS HIS ASSIGNMENT



"MEDICARE"

tion is pushing Congress to pass this year. The chief purpose of the bill is to foster capital investment by granting business firms a special tax credit on purchases of new equipment. Far from being grateful businessmen have complained that the provision is overly complex and inequitable in its benefits. The bill also contains two other provisions that have aroused a lot of bitter opposition: 1) withholding on dividends and interest, which would impose huge costs and a large burden of paper work on banks and business firms; and 2) taxation of unremitted earnings of overseas U.S. corporations (only earnings remitted to the parent corporation are now taxed by the U.S.). This proposed tax on subsidiaries would violate the widely accepted international principle followed by the U.S. until now, that business profits are taxed in the nation where they are earned.

Probably the best way for the Kennedy Administration to bolster business confidence is to push urgently ahead on complete tax reform. The Administration is already committed to rewrite, so as to give business a better tax break, the depreciation schedules on industrial equipment. It has promised such a revision by July 6, and it can deliver on that vow by executive action, without the approval of Congress. Far more important is overall tax reform, which would plug the loopholes in the present code and lower the rates on both the personal income tax and the corporation tax. The tax reform bill was originally promised for mid-1962, has now unfortunately been postponed at least until late 1962. Moving ahead at a faster pace on broad tax reform is probably the most important task the Administration faces in its efforts to extricate itself from its economic dilemma.

LABOR

Still Unsolved

For hours ahead of time, the word was spread through Washington: at his press conference, President Kennedy was going to give the Flight Engineers' International Association, which was threatening a strike that would ground three major airlines, the same tough treatment that he had given Big Steel. But as it turned out, the difference was as between that of an ingot and an iota.

To be sure, Kennedy did place himself firmly against the threatened strike: "I strongly urge the flight engineers to meet their public responsibilities." But there was none of the abusive language that he used against the leaders of Big Steel. And where he had made a series of threats against the steel industry, he left government action against the flight engineers unspecified.

In fact, the flight engineers' union is a sitting duck. With 3,000 members, it has fewer U.S. votes than the Arabs. In a sense its members are more professional men than laborers, and the union therefore has little influence within Big Labor. A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany wants it squeezed into the Air Line Pilots

Association. A Kennedy-appointed fact-finding commission last October suggested in effect that the jobs of third pilot and flight engineer be combined. The President requested that the issue be submitted to binding arbitration, and the airlines agreed. But the flight engineers, fearful lest they be swallowed up by the bigger (14,000 member) and better organized Pilots Association, refused.

When the argument came to a critical point, Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg stepped in to keep the opponents up all night trying to reach a settlement. When they failed, Goldberg stormed out, announcing that the flight engineers were "free to strike." Then he went to the



FLIGHT ENGINEERS' BROWN
Fewer votes than the Arabs

White House to help Kennedy prepare his press conference statement.

Ever since the Big Steel crisis, one of the U.S.'s most controversial questions has been whether Kennedy would treat a union in the same way he did an industry. Last week he was clearly trying to make an example of the little flight engineers' union. Said Engineers' President Ronald Brown: "I would like to believe the President would not knowingly make the rights and equities of any group of working men pawns in his struggle with the business community. But the stakes were not nearly the same, and Kennedy showed it by his relatively mild tones. Thus the big question remains unanswered.

Dave Beck's Success Story

When Teamsters' President Dave Beck appeared before Senate investigators five years ago, the nation thought it saw a man being destroyed. He was accused of stealing \$370,000 from the members of his International Brotherhood of Teamsters, of betraying his friends and of robbing a friend's widow. Robert F. Kennedy, then

the Senate committee's chief counsel wrote an early epitaph: "He was dead. All that was needed was someone to push him over and make him lie down as dead men should."

But Beck did not lie down. In the years since the Senate hearings, he has spent just one night behind bars, meanwhile dwelling on the \$160,000 estate he built with Teamster money. Ironically, of all the charges of wholesale corruption brought against him, he stands convicted of two of the most trivial—pocketing \$1,000 from the sale of a Teamster-owned Cadillac, and allowing false information to appear on tax statements he neither saw nor signed.

In a social sense, Beck's punishment has already been severe. Before the Senate hearings, he took inordinate pride in the fact that he was a member of dozens of boards, a regent of the University of Washington, a member of the state board of prison terms and paroles. After the hearings, Seattle hanged and burned him in effigy, and his statue was irredeemably lost.

But Beck made money, and his financial comeback has been phenomenal. Today he puffily points out that the estate left by his late wife "is one of the largest now pending" in the local courts, "I make more money since I left the Teamsters than they ever paid me," he says. "I've got six corporations, and I don't take any salary. I put it all back into the corporate structure—and may my mother never draw another breath if this isn't so." Since 1957 he has acquired a \$400,000 warehouse, a \$90,000 motel, a \$75,000 restaurant and office building, a \$25,000 retail store, and a tavern worth \$13,000. He also bought a parking lot and, when business lagged, he cheerfully dressed up in a garageman's white coat and went down and collected the quarters himself.

The bank," he likes to say, "said there could be no better manager than me."

Last week Beck's time ran out. The U.S. Supreme Court refused to review his conviction for tax fraud, and his attorneys conceded that jail was only a few days away. At 68, Beck faces two concurrent five-year federal prison terms and a 14-year sentence in the Washington State Prison. But things could be a lot worse. He will probably serve only a couple of years all told. During his imprisonment, he will still get his \$50,000-a-year Teamsters pension. And, when he gets out, there will still be all that real estate.

What Boys Should Know

Any grown-up boy who has ever talked with the other fellow in the locker room has heard tales about B-girls—those satin cheats whose bar-stool love costs a fortune in fake champagne and broken promises. But last week the Senate's Permanent Investigations Subcommittee began a sober study: "What do you mean by B-drinking?" asked pious Chairman John McClellan. In four days of outraged testimony, he learned the whole old story.

"If someone buys a drink, the girl gets a colored stirrer," a witness lectured. "She



DANCER "FATIMA"
Receiving the first push.

puts it in her bra, her stocking or her shoe. At the end of the night, she turns the stirrers in for cash." Philadelphia Police Inspector Frank Rizzo told of boozy seminars with the girls of his city. "They start on regular liquor. Then they move up to champagne. Of course, the champagne is usually wine and soda." Johns who balk at the swindle swindle are promptly returned to their senses by a successful threat: "We'll tell your wife."

The tricks are the same in the deadfalls of Miami, Cleveland and Chicago's sinful suburbs, Calumet City; in the bleak hope of becoming "exotic" dancers, many of the girls are forced to serve a dark apprenticeship in hustling drinks, picking pockets, and prostitution. One dancer, sultry-eyed Anita Lopushok ("Fatima" to her fans), testified that two bartenders, under orders from her boss, tore off all her clothes and forced her onstage. Absurd as it is that such girls should belong to a labor union, they are all members of the American Guild of Variety Artists. But A.G.V.A. clearly has done little or nothing to improve their working conditions. Said Stripper Corinne Stein: "The girls were forced to mix, to use sex to get customers to buy drinks. In Cleveland you either 'mix' or get hit over the head." Complaints to A.G.V.A. are invariably pointless: "What have you done for the girls?" McClellan asked Chicago A.G.V.A. Manager Martin Cavenaugh. "Not anything, sir," said Cavenaugh. "Not so far."

INVESTIGATIONS

Billie Sol's Supplier

Back in 1958, New York's Commercial Solvents Corp. obviously thought it would get even more solvent by placing faith and credit in Billie Sol Estes, a rising young Pecos, Tex., wheeler-dealer. But by

last week it was plain that doing business with Billie Sol was Commercial Solvents' worst mistake in a remarkable record of good, bad and indifferent commercial businesses.

The company got its start just after World War I, when it took over rights to a bacteria-fermentation process for producing a solvent used in artillery explosives; the process had been formulated by Dr. Chaim Weizmann, who years later became the first President of Israel. It was found that a by-product of the Weizmann recipe, butyl acetate, could be used in a marvelous, quick-drying lacquer for cars. Until the Weizmann patents expired in 1936, Commercial Solvents' picture was painted rosy.

During that same period, Commercial Solvents also sold industrial alcohols, another Weizmann by-product; and in 1933, with the repeal of the 18th Amendment, the company for a time supplied some of the makings of Old Mr. Boston and Gordon's gin. During World War II, Commercial Solvents became the first firm to mass-produce penicillin; it also developed a crystalline form of the drug, which could be transported in bulk without refrigeration.

After the war, Commercial Solvents concentrated on antibiotic drugs, but made fewer discoveries than its competitors; its fortunes fell from 1947 sales of \$55 million to \$33 million in 1949. So the company concentrated on producing industrial and agricultural chemicals. Among its specialties was anhydrous ammonia, a chemical fertilizer. And then in 1958, along came Billie Sol Estes, who could sling fertilizer with the best of them.

Offering the shakiest sort of financial credits, Billie Sol still sold Commercial Solvents on a curious deal: over the ensuing years, the company supplied Estes with an estimated \$12.7 million worth of

the anhydrous ammonia fertilizer—getting back to date some \$7,000,000 in Estes' revenues for grain stored in Billie Sol's grain elevators under federal programs. Estes "paid"—and little cash was involved—as much as \$20 a ton to Commercial Solvents for its chemical manure, then sold the stuff to West Texas farmers for as little as \$20.

When Billie's bubble bursted, Commercial Solvents was left floating. The firm has since found itself a co-defendant with Billie Sol in a civil antitrust suit filed by Texas Attorney General Will Wilson. The charge: conspiring to monopolize the West Texas market for anhydrous ammonia by underselling all competitors. Last week Commercial Solvents had its own say before the House Subcommittee on Inter-Governmental Relations. Witness Maynard C. Wheeler, the company's president, clearly wished he had never heard of Billie Sol Estes. But he stoutly insisted the Commercial Solvents relationship with the Pecos Ponzi had been that of "company and supplier, and no more."

ARMED FORCES

The 20-Year Man

"Lo, one who loved true honour more than fame," read the inscription under the picture of Robert Gardner in the Nashua, N.H., high school yearbook of 1941. Gardner became a professional soldier, fought under General George Patton in World War II, served in a combat unit in Korea. This spring Staff Sergeant Gardner was sent to South Viet Nam as a military "adviser." It was to be the last overseas assignment of his 20-year hitch; next year he planned to retire and enroll in a Florida umpires' school in hopes of becoming a major-league baseball umpire.

From South Viet Nam, Gardner wrote Nashua High School classmates: "This is a lonely, hot, dirty, and filthy war over here. It is a life-and-death struggle against Communism, poverty and lack of education, but the South Vietnamese will win it, as we will give our lives if we have to for the struggle."

Last week Sergeant Gardner, 30, gave his life when he ran into a Viet Cong mortar attack in the jungle 360 miles north of Saigon. Three days later, two U.S. Army officers were killed in a Viet Cong ambush. They brought to six the number of U.S. servicemen killed by the Viet Cong since December.

REPUBLICANS

High Spirits

"Lord, we pray that you will not become impatient with us as, year after year, we look toward the next election—for, Lord, we are Republicans." It was the invocation at the final meeting of the Republican National Committee before the November election. And as they convened in Seattle's Olympic Hotel, Republican spirits were high. Or so they seemed.

The Republicans clearly sensed that John Kennedy's political halo was begin-



COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS' WHEELER
Floating on a busted bubble.

ning to tilt. In their two-day session, the committeemen repeatedly cited the President's harsh action against U.S. Steel, his economic troubles, his request for power to change tax rates and spend heavily for public works, his support of his brother Ted's U.S. Senate candidacy.

"He's giving us openings," observed Massachusetts' Ralph Bonnell, Texas Senator John Tower said that Kennedy's "power grab" will "serve as a rallying point for Republicans all across the ideological spectrum." Said Michigan's John B. Martin: "A lot of people are getting the feeling that the President is throwing his weight around. He's doing this damage to himself, and it could turn out to be our strongest asset." Kennedy's action in the steel crisis, he said, was "more characteristic of Louis XIV than of the President of the U.S." National Committee Chairman William Miller said that if Teddy Kennedy is elected, "he may nudge Bobby out as second man. He's the only Kennedy to go through Harvard twice."

The committee unanimously approved a new statement of party principle drawn up by congressional Republicans (TIME, June 15), expect it to provide an effective campaign platform. The G.O.P.'s highest hopes centered on the possibility of Republicans unseating Democratic Governors in four key states: Michigan (George Romney), Pennsylvania (William Scranton), Ohio (James Rhodes) and California (Richard Nixon). "Holding a Governor's office gives you a key to basic statewide strength," said one committeeman. There was also talk of new vigor in the committee itself. Said a Midwest committeeman: "The oldtimers are finally fading. At each meeting now, one or two more are gone, and that's all to the good."

But despite the lightheartedness, Chairman Miller's declaration that "I have never seen the enthusiasm greater" seemed overblown—as did his apocalyptic statement that "if we don't win this year, we may never win." Privately, few committeemen believe Miller's claim that the party will gain the 44 congressional seats it needs to control the House; figure that about 20 are the most they can expect. Many will be content if the party merely holds its own in the Senate.

MASSACHUSETTS

George v. Teddy

Bands played, and a few happy delegates did a twist in the lobby of Worcester's Sheraton-Worcester Hotel. But the atmosphere was anything but festive in the upstairs headquarters of the two men who sought the Republican nomination for U.S. Senator from Massachusetts. The candidates were tired, tense—and apprehensive. George Cabot Lodge, 34, son of former Ambassador to the U.N. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., strode about restlessly. U.S. Representative Laurence Curtis, 68, who is serving his fifth term in the House slumped exhausted in a chair. On the eve of the nominating convention, what had started out to be almost a one-man race

had turned into a suspenseful neck-and-neck finish.

Lodge had been steadily building up an organization since last September, at first seemed to have almost a clear field. Curtis announced his candidacy in January, but did practically no campaigning until a month ago. Then, surprisingly, Curtis seemed to be surging, helped by the backing of many Massachusetts G.O.P. pros, including former House Speaker Joe Martin. So swiftly did Curtis pick up strength that George Lodge said just before the delegates met: "I'm running on the basis that I'm slightly behind."

The next day proved Lodge wrong. The voting was close to the end, but Lodge managed to carry the day on the first ballot. The vote: 936 to 848. Massachusetts



WINNER LODGE & BACKERS
Learning from the Kennedy book.

Republicans thus cleared the way for the renewal of an old family battle, since the Democratic candidate in November will most likely be Teddy Kennedy, the President's brother.

In the Manner. The secret of Lodge's victory was organization. Taking a lesson from the Kennedy book, his team scientifically divided the state into areas and districts, placed key men in charge of each. Almost all amateurs, they made careful files on each delegate, deluged doubtful delegates with letters, campaign literature, weekly checkups and, when necessary, personal visits or phone calls from the candidate. Also in the Kennedy manner, Lodge saw that each delegate got the results of a poll showing that he had a better chance of winning the election than Curtis.

While nomination of Curtis would have given the G.O.P. a better case of age and experience against Teddy Kennedy, Lodge also had credentials to offer. A one-time political reporter for the Boston *Herald*, he served as Assistant Secretary for International Labor Affairs in the Eisen-

hower Administration; he stayed on for several months under Kennedy to finish out his term as chairman of the International Labor Organization, which had made him the second American chairman—and the youngest—in its 42-year history.

To neutralize Curtis' clear popularity with the pros, Lodge argued that he had enough appeal to independent voters to win in November. Most of all, he convinced Republican delegates that it will take youth and toughness to beat Teddy. Says Lodge: "You've got to stand toe to toe with them and slug it out in terms of schedule, of hours, of energy, and of just plain determination."

Dynastic Theme. Lodge intends to hit hard at Kennedy's lack of experience and the dynastic theme ("I'm not part of any dynasty, I don't have a brother in the White House"). Said he in his convention speech: "I am here because I am angered by the callous manner in which a single family has grasped for personal power; because I am amazed that their arrogance is so complete that—with open contempt for their own party in their own state—they forced the convention endorsement of the most remarkably unqualified candidate for the United States Senate ever seen in this country."

SOUTH CAROLINA Veteran's Victory

Because the state constitution forbids them to succeed themselves, South Carolina's Governors usually spend the latter part of their four-year term looking around for a new job. Embarking on just such a search in 1944, Governor Olin Dewitt Johnston, then 47, combined youthful vigor and a slashing attack to unseat Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith, a scarred old veteran who broke all existing records for Senate longevity.⁹

This year, at 65 a veteran of more than 17 years in the Senate, Olin Johnston knew how Cotton Ed must have felt. Opposing him in the primary, winning 63% of the 100,000 votes cast and all but one of the state's 46 counties, "I thought," said a crestfallen Hollings after walking alone through the night to concede per-

⁹ Smith spent nearly 36 years in what he called "The Cave of the Winds," dazzling his colleagues with his overblown oratory and the voters back home with a simple platform that promised to keep 1) Negroes down and 2) the price of cotton up. He punctuated his Senate speeches with "pings" at a spittoon ten feet away (or, if it was not there, at the Senate carpet), often rose to his feet in the Senate in a fit of temper, hacked pertinently on the arm of his chair with a penknife if he could not get the presiding officer's attention. He defeated Johnston in Johnson's first try for the Senate in 1944 before he could finish his lame-duck term.

somally to Johnston, "that I'd run you a better race."

Like Measles. Both Hollings and Johnston supported Kennedy in 1960, and both are avowed segregationists. But their political similarities end there. Hollings pledged during his campaign to adopt a conservative approach that would have put him at odds with Kennedy on various issues: he blamed Johnston for submitting to "the hierarchy of the northern labor bosses," charged him with supporting "radical left-wing" elements. Ignoring most of Hollings' charges, Johnston stressed his record in helping labor and agriculture, promised to back such Kennedy programs as medical care for the aged under social security, took a generally liberal line on everything but segregation.

Hollings simply failed to overcome a Johnston image that has been nurtured in ten statewide races since 1950 and solidified by his powerful position in the Senate. Johnston is chairman of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee, vice chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, a ranking member of the Senate Judiciary Committee and a member of the Democratic Steering Committee. A neat and frugal man who washes his own socks every night and sews on his own buttons, Johnston has the reputation of getting what he wants for South Carolina. Since the Kennedy Administration came into office, he has secured contracts for about 40 new post offices in the state. Moaned a Hollings supporter: "They're springing up like measles."

Serious Candidate. In South Carolina where a victory in the Democratic primary is almost the same as election, the Republicans have put up a serious Senate candidate for the first time since Reconstruction. Running against Johnston will be William D. Workman Jr., 47, a segregationist and former reporter (he still writes a syndicated column) who joined the Republican Party only last fall.

Workman plans to appeal to both conservative Democrats and Republicans with a platform attacking "the welfare state the diminution of local government and the grab for power in Washington." But Johnston does not seem worried. "I'll cross that bridge when I come to it," he says, "but I think I'll have a good strong bridge to go across. I'm not fearin' it very much."

ILLINOIS

A Mess of Committees

Although his father was a one-time Chicago alderman, Illinois Democrat Otto Kerner, 53, never really developed much stomach for rough-and-tumble politics. "I've never been a ward leader or a county leader, and I'm not interested," he says. Elected Governor in 1960 on his record as a Cook County judge, Kerner began putting off state problems by appointing committees to study them. This summer his procrastination has come home to plague him: Illinois is in the worst fiscal mess since the Depression '30s.



SENATOR JOHNSTON
"I'm not fearin' it."

Unless something is done, the state will have a deficit of \$168 million by next July 1. It is not entirely Kerner's fault; He was the first Illinois Governor to inherit a budget deficit from his predecessor: some \$13 million from Republican Governor William Stratton. The state legislature last year voted to spend \$76 million more than Kerner asked for in his \$4.1 billion budget, and the Republican-controlled senate rejected his plans to raise an extra \$75 million, mainly through an increase in the corporation tax.

Vocillation. Yet when Kerner was finally forced to act, he vacillated. He ordered a pay freeze for all the state employees under his control, but granted a million-dollar raise to 1,775 teamsters in



GOVERNOR KERNER
"I've never been a ward leader."

the highways division. He banned new hiring, except for emergencies, yet the number of employees grew. The new employees, he lamely explains, were an "absolute necessity." Without approval of the legislature, he cannot transfer money from the few special funds that have a surplus into the nearly empty general revenue fund—yet he refuses to call a special session. "I will not take the risk of an unpredictable session," he says.

Last week Kerner chose the unusual torum of a Boy Scout executives' meeting (a retired major general in the National Guard, Kerner is also a Boy Scout supporter, recently hiked 22 miles to open a Scout trail) to announce his boldest decision so far: he wants to slash state welfare spending possibly by as much as \$50 million to get by until the legislature meets in January. Welfare costs absorb one-fifth of the general fund, have been running some \$4,000,000 a month above their allotment. Kerner wryly concedes that this cut may be "politically unpopular."

Indefensible. As it is indeed. "To single out public aid as the goat in the state's financial crisis is indefensible," cried Raymond Hilliard, Cook County public aid director. "The cuts hurt the people who have the least." Even Kerner's political sponsor, Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley was unhappy, since two-thirds of the reliefers live in Cook County. Said he: "Anyone who makes relief a political issue had better be pretty careful. It has never been done in this state, and I hope God it never will be."

If Kerner sticks to his stand, he still will face far tougher decisions in January. "We're living on borrowed time," says Budget Superintendent Ted Leth. "There is nothing in the bank." What is clearly needed is tax reform. Illinois depends mainly on a sales tax, has no income tax. Yet Kerner refuses to say if he is for or against an income tax. He has, however, appointed a commission to study it.

OPINION

Can an American Be a Jew?

Must American Jews eventually lose their cultural, ethnic and religious identity? To discuss this and other questions of the status of the Jew in the U.S., leaders of the American Jewish Congress and the Israeli government met last week in Jerusalem to hold what was termed a "dialogue." But the dialogue quickly became a dispute.

New Jersey's Dr. Joachim Prinz, president of the congress, began by declaring "American Jews believe they will survive as a group in a country which is traditionally a nation of groups. Those who do not accept these facts will never succeed in understanding the uniqueness of American Jewry." Unwilling to accept this claim was Israel's Premier David Ben-Gurion, who has often declared that Jews, wherever they might be in the world, owe their first allegiance to Israel. American Jews, he predicted, will be swallowed up as the U.S. evolves into an integrated nation in the next ten to 50 years. "The



THE ROCK

B. B. FARRAR - LIFE



DUMMY HEAD

focus of Jewish life throughout the world is Israel," he said. "Take it away and I doubt if anything binds Jewish people in all continents. Isn't there a danger that many American Jews will say, 'What have I to do with Jewishness? I'm an American.'"

Ben-Gurion's position brought quick, pointed retorts from some U.S. Jewish leaders. Stanley H. Lowell, chairman of the New York City Commission on Human Rights, who was at the conference talked back to the Premier in the most direct terms: "You aren't the only answer to Jewish living, Jewish creativity and Jewish survival." In New York, Rabbi Elmer Berger, executive vice president of the anti-Zionist American Council for Judaism, criticized the Premier for his "predilection for interfering with the destinies of all Jews." Said Rabbi Berger: "Judaism, we believe, is a universal—not a national—religion." Declared Professor Nelson Glueck of Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College: "Possibly I cannot speak for all Jewry in this country, but I can speak for Reform Jewry, and I say it is totally and diametrically opposed to Ben-Gurion's philosophy. His feelings reflect the kind of world in which he grew up—where minority groups were not true members of their countries. We in America feel that we are no less good Jews than are the citizens of Israel."

PRISONS

The Tablespoon Trio

All three were complete scoundrels—men of violence, bank robbers and chronic, accomplished escape artists, serving 10-15 years in Alcatraz, the U.S.'s famed maximum-security prison island in San Francisco Bay. They were also men of determination and ingenuity, and they may have become the first ever to successfully escape from The Rock.

The convicts were Frank Lee Morris,



MORRIS



JOHN ANGLIN



CLARENCE ANGLIN

The trail ended at the water's edge.

35, and brothers John Anglin, 32, and Clarence Anglin, 31. With an IQ of 133,⁸ Morris was undoubtedly the trio's mastermind—and to escape from Alcatraz he had need for real, if perverted, intelligence. The island got its name—*Isla de los Alcatraces*, meaning Isle of the Pelicans—from the 18th century Spaniards, and only pelicans have ever been free to come and go easily. At one time Alcatraz held military prisoners; later it became a domicile for such eminent civilians as Al Capone and "Machine Gun" Kelly. Many have tried to escape, but all were either killed or recaptured, save for three, in 1937, who almost certainly drowned in the strong tidal currents of the bay.

In their attempt, Morris and the Anglins took infinite pains. They stole table spoons from the mess hall, removed the metal grills from the air vents in their cell walls, and night after night, between the guards' hourly bed checks, gouged the crumbly plaster and concrete from the vent. During the days, they kept the holes covered with cardboard grills that they had painted to resemble the original metal. They carefully collected the powdered concrete and plaster that they chipped away and each day scattered it during their outdoor exercise period.

Over the Top. Then, one night last week, the three made their break just after the 9:30 bed check. They stuffed pillows into their cots, topped them off with crude but passable dummy heads fashioned from plaster, paint, and hair scraps that they had gathered from the prison barber shop. The holes in the wall were only 10 in. by 14 in., and though the shoulders of the three men were as broad as 17 in., they pushed through into a little-used utility corridor behind the cell wall. From there, they climbed up a 10-ft. pipe to an air-conditioning vent, pried it loose and squeezed through to the roof. By now they were in full view of the guardpost at the No. 1 tower at



ESCAPE VENT

the northern end of the prison compound. But no one saw them as they scuttled 100 ft. across the roof, and then slid 40 ft. down an outside drainpipe that was bathed by searchlights. Finally, they scaled a 15-ft. control fence topped with barbed wire, worked their way to the northeast corner of the island to the water's edge.

All through the night, the guards made their rounds. At 7:15 next morning, the 264 remaining Alcatraz inmates stood at their cell doors to be counted. It was then that the dummies were discovered. Sirens wailed and radios chattered. Within hours, scores of armed hunters with bloodhounds were tramping over The Rock, and boats searched the bay area.

One Lesson. Prison authorities theorized that the three had died in the water while trying to reach uninhabited Angel Island, 1½ miles from The Rock. From a fourth prisoner, who had also dug himself a hole in his wall but had backed out, officials learned that the escapees had planned to use inflated prison raincoats as flotation equipment. The convicts had hoped to make it to Angel Island, and from there in the same fashion to Marin County on the mainland, where they planned to burglar a clothing store. But after experimenting with this equipment, prison authorities found that the raincoats could give little or no support in the water. They discovered a crudely fashioned paddle floating 200 yds. from Angel Island. And no Marin County clothing store reported any thefts.

Still, unless and until the bodies bob up in the water, there would remain the possibility of a successful escape. One woman, for example, reported seeing three men on a raft; police gave it a good try, but found neither men nor raft. And, as for the chagrined officials of Alcatraz, they had learned at least one lesson from the tablespoon trio: start counting the silver before, not after, the guests leave.

Genius rating: 100

THE WORLD



PRINCES BOUN OUM, SOUVANNA PHOUmA & SOUPHANOUVONG
Voilà! It is all O.K. But is it?

LAOS

Shaky Troika

The small room in the house on stilts was blue with cigar smoke as the three princes and the general argued the final details. Slovenly soldiers of all three factions loitered on the porch, sometimes poked their heads curiously through the glassless windows. Below, amid mud puddles and stray dogs, newsmen scrambled for vantage points.

Minutes after 3 p.m., the meeting broke up. Prince Souvanna Phouma strode out onto the porch, gave the railing a resounding slap, "Voilà!" he cried. "*Le gouvernement!*" Soldiers of the three armies broke into cheers, and TV cameramen shouted for a word in English. Beaming, Souvanna replied: "I cannot speak English, I can only say—it is all O.K."

Souvanna's enthusiasm was shared in Moscow. Nikita Khrushchev fired off a cable to President John Kennedy hailing the creation of a neutral Laotian government as "good news" in the "cause of strengthening peace in Southeast Asia." In Washington the mood was appropriately cooler. Kennedy replied that settlement of the Laos problem was a "milestone," but added warily that it was "important that no untoward actions anywhere" interrupt the progress already made.

Split Portfolios. What was finally achieved at the house on stilts in the Plaine des Jarres last week was the most shaky of coalition governments. At the last moment, accord nearly broke down when Red Prince Souphanouvong began wrangling with his old enemy, General Phoumi Nosavan, about the division of Cabinet posts. In a rare outburst of anger at his half-brother, Souvanna shouted at Souphanouvong, "You go sort it out with Phoumi and come back when you agree. If you don't agree, don't come back."

In taking office as Premier, Souvanna will name Red Prince Souphanouvong and General Phoumi as Vice Premiers, and all three have agreed that major issues must

be decided by a unanimous vote—a kind of Laotian troika. Four Cabinet posts—including Economics and Information—go to the Communists, and four others (including Finance and Education) to Phoumi's anti-Communists. Phoumi's longtime ally, Prince Bou N Oum, will resign as Premier and retire from active politics to his meaningless lifetime post as Inspector General of the realm. The remaining eleven Cabinet posts go to Souvanna and his neutralist supporters.

The most important and the most lewd-wing of these neutralists is Foreign Minister Quinim Pholsena, a bookseller and politician who nurses a grudge against the U.S., both for the previous machinations of the CIA and for alleged slights at the hands of U.S. diplomats. Quinim has the potential of developing into a Laotian Krishna Menon, but last week he was acting his affable best, assuring newsmen that the new Laos was happy to accept aid "without conditions" from East and West. Washington was swift to make its contribution: the payment of \$3,000,000 a month to the Laos government—suspended last February to help force Phoumi into the coalition—was resumed.

Minded Store. The other neutralist ministers range politically from liberal to far right, including some who are as determinedly anti-Communist as General Phoumi himself. Biggest problem ahead is how to integrate the three rival armies: 1) Phoumi's 6,000 Royal Laotian troops, 2) Souphanouvong's 15,000 Communist Pathet Lao, and 3) Captain Kong Le's 5,000 "neutralist" paratroops. Souvanna hopes to reduce the swollen army to the size of a national police force and to use the discharged troops in such public works as building roads, schools and dispensaries. With the exception of a limited number of authorized French military instructors, all foreign troops in Laos—750 U.S. military "advisers," some 10,000 North Vietnamese Communists, a handful of Russian pilots—are to leave the country within 75 days through border posts controlled by the

International Control Commission (India, Canada, Poland). Everyone doubts that the North Vietnamese will really give up the important strong points at Mahaxay and Tchepone, which control the supply route by which weapons and reinforcements filter to the Communist guerrillas in South Viet Nam.

The first real test of Communist intentions may come next week, when Premier Souvanna Phouma flies to Paris for the marriage of his daughter, and Vice Premier Phoumi Nosavan is slated to lead a delegation to Switzerland for the formal signing of the Geneva draft agreement reached at the 14-nation conference last December. This would leave Red Prince Souphanouvong at home to mind the store, since as Vice Premier he would become acting head of government. Souphanouvong last week fumed at the 5,000 U.S. troops in northern Thailand, whose presence had clearly helped persuade him to accept the coalition deal in Laos. The U.S. forces, he grumbled, "are going to support the reactionaries in order to sow troubles and provocations upon our land." Washington's cool reply: the troops will stay where they are.

As Washington sees it, Souvanna's neutralist government represents the most salable of several ugly alternatives. The U.S. has tried to defeat the Reds in Laos by arming and training General Phoumi's army—but Phoumi failed. The Pentagon remains reluctant to commit U.S. armed forces to a landlocked, roadless and rugged terrain for an endless guerrilla war against Communists from China and North Viet Nam. Souvanna may well suffer the fate of other non-Communist leaders who have tried to govern in conjunction with the Reds and have lost their countries to Communist subversion. But each day that Souvanna survives represents a clear gain for the U.S. And should he be toppled by a Red coup, U.S. troops are already in position in neighboring Thailand to secure both banks of the vital Mekong valley.

SPAIN

Toward a Change

[See Cover]

The end of the Franco era in Spain is near. Just how near no one can say, for the dictator has proved himself immensely durable. Almost a quarter of a century has passed since *El Caudillo* defeated the Republicans in Spain's bloody Civil War and built his stern, stable military regime in the proud, suffering land. Today, he seems as confident as ever that the regime can go on forever. But all the signs dislodge him. There is in Spain a ferment and unrest that signals change ahead.

The fourth bomb in a week exploded in a Madrid street last week, testifying to the increasing boldness of anti-Franco plotters. Bright-colored opposition handbills showed up on tables in cafés, on street corners, plastered to walls and telephone poles in side streets of a dozen cities. More than a hundred unhappy Spanish politicians boldly gathered 900 miles away in West Germany to talk earnestly of the freedom that Franco fears. Workers gathered in town squares to whisper in awe and pride of the only successful strike in the history of Franco Spain, won by the stubborn Asturias coal miners.

"Franco will fall within five to six months," says Julio Just, a prominent exile leader living in Paris. "This is the beginning of the last chapter in the history of the Franco regime," agrees Jesus Prados Arrate, chief economist of Spain's Central Bank, who recently fled the country. To some extent, this was typical exiles' talk; no one really expected imminent revolution in Spain. Nevertheless, it



FRANCO ADDRESSING CIVIL WAR VETERANS
The shattered hand has not lost its skill or steel.

all testified to the rising expectation that *El Caudillo*, at 60, cannot last much longer. Everybody in Spain is waiting to see who will succeed him.

Patient Stoic. The man with the best chance and with most at stake in the outcome is a 6-ft., 3-in. blueblood who has not lived in Spain for 31 years. He is Don Juan de Borbón y Battenberg, 49, Count of Barcelona and Pretender to the Spanish throne, which he and his monarchist supporters are certain will be restored when Franco goes. Until that happens, he can only wait restlessly in self-imposed exile at Estoril, Portugal's glittering resort, or take the handsome yacht *Saltillo* for endless cruises in the Mediterranean—an embodiment of his country's impatience, and a symbol of the Spanish past that is desperately trying to move into modern Europe.

Don Juan is no princely puppet. In Estoril, he works hard each morning at his rambling Villa Giraldilla, digesting reports on developments in Spain, receiving visitors, answering mail, plowing through the newspapers flown in from London, Paris and Rome. He keeps in constant touch with the 43-man *Consejo Privado* his privy council in Spain, which already has drafted a plan for a constitutional monarchy against the day when Don Juan may take the throne.

Even during the cruises, mail and radio reports flow out to the yacht. Last week he heading slowly back to Estoril from a trip through the Mediterranean, he paused briefly off Gibraltar to confer with two leaders of his council. He also stopped at Cartagena as guest of the local naval commander.

Theoretically, Don Juan can return to Spain any time he wants to, but he takes care to make his visits brief and casual. Although Spain was declared a monarchy in Franco's 1947 Law of Succession, Spain's dictator has made no move to implement it. It has been part of his strategy to leave the succession question in the air. In public, the Pretender is patiently stoic, pretends that no succession problem exists. Newsmen always like to see

the situation as a football match, he comments cheerily to visitors. The whole matter, he adds, has been "exaggerated." But he speaks more freely in private. When aides keep assuring him that all important factions in Spain are for him, he will mutter: "If everybody's so monarchist, then why the hell am I in Estoril?"

New Middle Class. Whoever runs Spain next will inherit a country slowly, painfully outgrowing the isolation and poverty of centuries. In old Castile, land of *santos y cantos* (saints and songs), village steeples are inhabited by storks, the rare-sacred birds of Spain, standing high in their twig nests and fanning their young with great wings. The gypsies were on the road last week, trekking north for the summer. In hot, sunny squares, cavernous cathedrals waited, filled with cool air and the dusty odor of saintly bones in silver boxes.

But the fact or at least the promise of change is everywhere. Leaping the Pyrenees at last, Spain has applied for associate membership in Europe's Common Market in order to share in the Continent's booming trade. Madrid, its population doubled in 20 years, wears the pink of great new brick apartment houses stretching far to the north and south. Its streets, once asphalt museums for antiquated jalopies, are now clogged with gleaming SEATs, the Spanish-made version of the Italian Fiat. The cars are still largely for the rich; a better index to the general improvement is the horde of buzzing motor scooters steered dauntlessly through the city streets by clerks, factory foremen, salesmen, shopkeepers—the nucleus of the new middle class slowly taking shape in Spain.

Change is not limited to the cities. In the hungriest part of Spain, the forsaken valley of Las Húrdas, a few thousand people for generations had no contact with the outside; their inbreeding was said to produce malformed children, and to all Spaniards, Las Húrdas became a synonym for decadence. In the region today, riggers are laying a power line across the valley, a hospital is being built, fruit trees grow



DON JUAN ON HIS YACHT
Something to hang on to.



POLICE WAITING IN MADRID



MINERS STRIKING IN ASTURIAS

in the irrigated fields near a power dam. The children are ragged and dirty—but healthy enough.

New Riviera. Franco's regime is rightly proud of its sprawling Plan Badajoz, the 40-mile-long irrigation project along the Guadiana River near the Portuguese border; here a one-time malarial swamp has been turned into fertile fields that make Spain all but self-sufficient in cotton and rice.

Tourism is one of Spain's biggest assets. It has been a cold, damp spring in Spain, but this has not deterred the first wave of the estimated 10 million foreigners—one for every three Spaniards—who will visit Spain this year, particularly the booming Costa Brava and Costa del Sol, which have turned into a kind of noisy, cut-rate Riviera, where conservative Spaniards sneer that the girls go to Mass in bikinis. Things are not quite that bad, but Torremolinos has become a real estate promoter's dream with clusters of cottages selling for \$5,000 to \$10,000 apiece; billboards in the area advertise Motel Rancho, Serv-Inn, Miami en Europa. The tourists will leave some \$200 million worth of hard currency in Spain this year.

Spain's application to hook up with the Common Market (so far no response from the Six) was an enormous psychological step that fits in with other changes. Indolence is no longer the fashion among aristocrats; many are out making money. Businessmen have broader horizons, pursue export sales more energetically. A still small but significant factor of change is the Spanish women. More are going to universities than ever before. Man's traditional supremacy no longer goes unquestioned. Says a shrewd Spaniard: "When does a man work best? When he is pushed by women. In Spain, the women are beginning to push the men."

Still Backward. Occasionally Franco contributes an article on economics to a Madrid journal, signing his pieces "Hispanicus," and he takes full credit for Spain's economic progress. Actually, much of the credit belongs to huge injections of cash

and advice from abroad. Start of the money flow came even before Franco agreed to let the U.S. build air and naval bases on Spanish soil; in a decade the U.S. pumped \$503 million into Spain in military aid alone. An even greater sum from abroad has gone to modernize the Spanish economy and implement the 1959 stabilization plan after Spain's disastrous inflation. The plan worked. The soaring prices leveled off; investors regained confidence; gold and dollar reserves soared from virtually zero in 1959 to a whopping \$1.1 billion today.

But Spain's progress so far has been tiny compared to what it could be, and has only served to whet the people's appetite for more.

Spain is still painfully backward and depressed. On the edge of Madrid, the gritty Puente de Vallecas district is called "Little Russia" by its occupants—street cleaners, ditchdiggers and the like, who earn as little as 60¢ a day and live in a smelly maze of shacks. Beyond, in the open country, are the peasants who work the huge holdings of absentee landlords for a pittance; in Spain, one-hundredth of the population still owns half of the land. Five million Spanish peasants use no mechanized farm tools at all; as they helped bring in the harvest last week, they had, as the Spanish saying goes, "only their hands."

Spain's per capita income is the second lowest, next to Portugal, in Western Europe. Most Madrid families can no longer afford even the lowest-price (20¢) seats at the bullfights, now go more and more to the soccer games, where admission is cheaper. Many people take on two jobs one in the morning another in the afternoon to make ends meet. Concern at the cost of living is so great that able Commerce Minister Alberto Ullastres had to go on TV to soothe housewives, an unprecedented act for a minister in Franco's regime.

What concerns Ullastres is Spain's industry and commerce—creaky, antiquated, often monopolistic. Among its worst

aspects are those crude relics of fascism, the labor-management *Sindicatos*, which fix workers' wages as well as employers' prices, forbid strikes by workers or layoffs by bosses. Collective bargaining within the syndicates has been allowed in the past three years, but government red tape and inflexible employers have left the ordinary workers of Spain embittered.

That is the background of Spain's recent, bitter labor troubles.

The Strike Story. Asturias is a desolate, mountainous region, where the rivers run black over slate and shale. Its miners are a tough, hardy folk, for the equipment they use is outmoded, the coal they dig is of low quality and difficult to extract; a man's average output is only six-tenths of a ton in an eight-hour day, perhaps one-twentieth of a U.S. coal miner's production.

The miners' grievance this time was a



Tourists in Majorca
To Mass in bikinis?

proposed new wage contract that failed to give unskilled workers the raise they demanded from a basic minimum of 70 pesetas (\$1) a day to 150 pesetas (\$2.20) a day. Suddenly one morning, seven *picadores* (cutters) at a mine in Mieres refused to begin the day's work. In a flash the whole mine joined the down-tools movement. Within a matter of days all 60,000 miners in the region quit.

There was no violence; on the contrary the drab little towns in the steep Asturian valleys took on a holiday air as idle workers strolled the streets with their families or gathered at cafés to drink cider or the red wine of León and eat *charcos*, the popular peppered sausages. Many listened to Radio España Independiente, the Communist transmitter that spews its anti-Franco propaganda from Prague, Czechoslovakia (featuring La Pasionaria, legendary Red amazon of the Civil War). Since Franco's own press and radio were suppressing the whole matter, Prague was the only Spanish-language source of news about the spreading strikes in other parts of Spain: thousands of shipbuilders and metal workers in Bilbao, many more in Barcelona. In all, 100,000 Spaniards in other areas were off the job with the 60,000 striking Asturians.

The Communist Excuse. For the regime, it was the gravest politico threat since the Civil War, but the government's first reaction was mild. For weeks, no action at all was taken. Then a state of emergency was declared in the three provinces most affected: 4,000 fresh troops and militiamen were sent in to reinforce the local authorities. But the cons were careful to avoid excessive trouble. Avoiding showdown, Franco sent a trusted Cabinet aide, burly *Sindicatos* Boss José Solís Ruiz, to the region to calm the striking workers. It worked, but only after Solís talked himself hoarse for two weeks in speeches and conferences with worker councils—and only after promising to grant many of the wage demands. For Franco Spain, this was extraordinary;

Spanish workers, breaking the regime's sternest decree, had not only conducted a two-month strike—they had won it.

As usual, the government blamed "foreign influence," "liberals" and "Communists" for the whole affair. Solís called attention to "the enormous pressure of Communist propaganda." In fact, the Communists, who number perhaps 5,000 in all of Spain, are well organized, but have little appeal among the workers.

A member of Don Juan's privy council, Florentino Pérez Embid, Catholic lay leader and professor of geography, put it this way: "Five years ago these strikes would have been impossible. They would have been crushed. Now the government has to negotiate with workers' leaders who are not members of the official syndicates."

Protesting Priests. Perhaps the most important development revealed by the strikes is the growing support of the workers by the Roman Catholic Church, often a reactionary force in Spain and a traditional ally of Franco's. In town after town in Asturias, police found that priests of the H.O.A.C.—the Workers' Brotherhoods of Catholic Action—had urged miners to fight for their rights. H.O.A.C. firmly denies it had any part in the strikes, but frankly admits that "We have worked with thousands of men, and it is they who took the lead." Constantly pointing up the contrasts between Spain's poverty and its wealth, H.O.A.C. has a network of offices in all major cities. It represents the church's hedge against the chance of Franco's downfall.

For several years important churchmen have been edging away from Franco's philosophies. Bishop Angel Herrera of Málaga has been exposing Spain's social inequities from the pulpit for more than a decade. In 1960, a letter was signed by 150 Basque priests condemning the regime's stifling of basic freedoms; last year several Catholic archbishops urged *El Caudillo* to drop press censorship. Spain's conservative and puritanical pri-

mate, Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel 84, Archbishop of Toledo, has vigorously stepped in to defend H.O.A.C.; after Franco lashed out at "some exalted priests" for stirring up trouble in Asturias, Cardinal Pla y Deniel allowed his church officials to discipline the erring priests, but neglected to condemn their activities.

An increasingly important arm of the Catholic Church in Spain is Opus Dei, a semisecret lay order whose members vow obedience, poverty and chastity, and have reached every level of official and intellectual life in Spain. The organization has no stated political goals, except to maintain the church's influence in any government that rules. Opus Dei is no particular ally of the regime, but three members are in Franco's Cabinet, including Commerce Minister Ullastres. They tend to be highly conservative in politics, strongly liberal in economics.

Saints in Uniform. No one was suggesting that the hierarchy would risk losing the 1944 Concordat with Franco; it gave the Catholic Church far more power in Spain than it ever had under the Catholic kings. But unmistakably there were now strong reservations attached to the old friendship.

Still full and unreserved are Dictator Francisco Franco's prestige and power with the group that counts most in today's Spain, the army. Perhaps the Caudillo's closest friend and ally is the Chief of the General Staff, Captain General Agustín Muñoz Grandes, who commanded Franco's Blue Division when it fought beside the Nazis on the Russian front in 1941, and who has an iron grip on the military units (400,000 men).

In a country that rarely thinks about



HOUSING DEVELOPMENT IN BARCELONA

Five million peasants own nothing but their hands.



SHANTYTOWN CHILDREN NEAR MADRID

"conflict of interest," the boards of directors of scores of big Spanish banks and industrial firms are studded with colonels and generals on the active list. This way, key sectors of the economy are always kept under the influence of the military. And despite the church's liberal moves, it still looks to the army for stability, an alliance symbolized by the host of saints who hold military rank and whose reliques are accorded military honors. Spain's highest-ranking officer is the Virgin of Pilar, captain general and patroness of the army.

The Police State. Spain's badly paid but disciplined soldiers and the bronzed, rifle-carrying Guardia Civil men, in their tricorn patent leather hats, occasionally glimpsed rumbling down narrow highways or patrolling the ridges of the hills, still maintain Franco's police state. It is a regime that does not keep the nation in chains but covers it like a soggy blanket. Since the harsh days of the Civil War, the jails have been emptied of many of their political prisoners, and there has been no death sentence for a political offense in ten years. *Tertulias* (café discussions) are universal and sometimes surprisingly frank.

El Caudillo himself has mellowed, but he has lost none of the crafty skill or underlying steel. Every coin of the nation still bears his image and the words, "Chief of Spain by the Grace of God." Puritanical and pious, he sometimes prays for hours in his private chapel in Pardo palace before making major decisions: to induce night-loving, late-eating Spaniards to follow his own early-to-bed habit, he has ordered Madrid restaurants and cafés to stop serving food after midnight.

Rumors of Franco's bad health have been current for years. Don Juan himself figures in one. Two years ago there were reports that Franco had passed out in his car, overcome by carbon monoxide fumes. Soon afterward, during one of their rare meetings, the dialogue went like this:

Don Juan (bluntly): I hear you've been sick, lost your senses or something.
Franco (furiously): No, no at all, just some digestive troubles.

Then, last winter, an exploding shotgun shattered Franco's hand as he hunted partridge in the sprawling palace grounds. Some now say that Franco's injured hand may have to be amputated, but he does his best to squelch the story. Recently, he has made a special effort to show himself in public, waving the hand, grasping trophies, gripping rostrums as he delivers his speeches in the familiar piping voice.

Political Spectrum. Whatever the unrest that is disturbing the Franco regime, it has so far not benefited Spain's splintered political parties, which are hardly parties in the usual sense. They operate in a vacuum, with no means of reaching the Spanish people, and they suffer from that fierce individualism that turns any three Spaniards meeting on a street corner into a new political faction.

On the far right is Young Europe, a few hundred students who feel that Franco is

actually too liberal, has abandoned fascism. Somewhere near this crowd are the moribund remnants of the Falange, the once-fascist party that Franco used to gain power; Falangists today are opportunistic, scattered and weak. At the other extreme, on the far left, are outfits like the Popular Liberation Front, whose Marxist leader has been in jail since 1950. Roughly in the political center are: 1) the Christian Democrats, led by José María Gil Robles, 63, a prominent Madrid lawyer, and 2) the Liberals, whose spokesman has been Dionisio Ridruejo, a one-time Falangist who has been in the opposition for years.

Both leaders were in Munich fortnight ago to attend a conference of the European Movement, a group promoting a United States of Europe. The event turned into an exciting demonstration of Spanish opposition sentiment, rendered all the more interesting by the fact that Gil



JUAN CARLOS
Father comes first.

Robles is a member of Don Juan's privy council.

Two Traditions. Along with Gil Robles and Ridruejo, 80 anti-Franco politicians of all stripes arrived from Spain, joining 18 prominent Spanish exiles. Most noted: brilliant philosopher Salvador de Madariaga, Republican Spain's most famous cabinet minister and diplomat, and now an honorary fellow at Oxford. Many of the Spaniards were bitter rivals and as divided as ever on a future policy for their country. But in an emotional scene, Madariaga submitted a resolution on behalf of all Spaniards present, and Gil Robles rose to endorse it.

Introducing the document, Madariaga said: "I speak of the two great traditions of Western thought, the Socratic, which demands freedom of the mind, and the Christian, which demands respect for the human being. One hundred and eighteen Spanish delegates have come to tell you that Europe cannot accept in its midst a state where Socrates is poisoned every

day and Christ is crucified every day." Applause punctuated his words as he concluded: "One hundred and eighteen come with their hands outstretched to Europe, and Europe should open its arms to receive them. Spain wants to give itself to Europe, but before it can do so, Spaniards must own their own country."

The Cops Move In. In any other Western country, the demands of the resolution proposed by Madariaga and the other Spaniards at Munich would have seemed innocuous enough. But they were dynamite in Spain: the establishment of democratic institutions based on the consent of Spain's citizens, the right of workers to strike, the free organization of political parties, including an opposition. The Spaniards' resolution chose evolution over revolution, spoke out specifically for peaceful change. "The immense majority of the Spanish people hope that this evolution can take place according to the rules of political prudence and as rapidly as circumstances permit, in the desire of all to renounce every form of active or passive violence, before, during or after the process of evolution."

Franco and his aides were furious. **TREASON AND STUPIDITY ARE ALLIED IN A DIRTY UNION AGAINST SPAIN**, headlined the government daily *Arriba*. The press blared false accusations that the Munich petitioners had recommended that Spain not enter the Common Market. Franco consulted his Cabinet, rushed through a decree suspending for two years the part of Spain's bill of rights that safeguards the Spaniards' right to make their residence anywhere in the nation. Then the police went out to nab the more important figures as they flew back from the Munich meeting. Gil Robles was among the first arrested at Madrid's Barajas airport. The cops read him the new government decree, offered him the choice of residence in Spain's faraway Canary Islands or exile abroad. He promptly bought a ticket on the next plane and flew to Paris. Don Juan's privy council, a loose association of prominent men with many varying opinions, felt it prudent to issue a statement dissociating itself from the entire Munich affair.

Source of Stability. Once again, Franco had gone into action at the first sign that the myriad opposition groups might start operating in concert. Sighed a Spanish politician as the feeble move toward combined opposition was crushed: "In Spain, there are many little streams of politics. In other countries, they form into rivers. But here there are no rivers." For this reason alone, many Spanish intellectuals among the Liberals, the Christian Democrats and other nonmonarchist groups are convinced that restoration of the king is the only sensible solution. The throne has no mass appeal among Spaniards; few have kind memories of Spain's ineffectual Bourbon dynasty or long for the return of the golden carriages and the steel-hoofed clatter of hussars, the summer parties and the winter balls, the problems of precedence and the scramble for prefer-



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GOOD YEAR

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ence. But in the political vacuum that is bound to follow Franco, the monarchy might well be the only source of stability. Says one Catholic intellectual: "After 25 years of no politics, we must have something to hang on to." Even a one-time die-hard Republican can agree: "Now I feel the monarchy is the least dangerous, the least violent solution for Spain."

Many groups in the Catholic Church are also deeply monarchist; so are the officers of the army, who are likely to be in complete command of Spain if Franco should suddenly die or be swept from office. Their role would then depend on the situation. In case of threatened civil strife, the army's determined leaders will undoubtedly form a military dictatorship to keep order. Otherwise, they will probably favor the monarchy.

Father or Son? Franco is likely to remain silent on the succession. He is playing a rather coy game with Don Juan and his family, dropping a hint here, a favor there, without committing himself.

There are a dozen possible royal relatives who might wear the crown, but the only serious alternative to Don Juan for the throne of Spain is his tall, handsome, newlywed son, Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, 24. Forthright ago he interrupted his honeymoon with Princess Sophie of Greece to present his bride to Franco at a lunch at Madrid's Pardo palace. Most Spanish monarchists are convinced that Franco would prefer the younger, more pliable Juan Carlos, when he becomes eligible at age 30 under the succession law. The theory is that *El Caudillo* still resents Don Juan's two bitter public anti-Franco proclamations in 1945 and 1947. Dictator Franco on many occasions has been warm and deferential to Don Juan's son.

But Juan Carlos is a dutiful son. "I will never accept the crown during his

lifetime," he has told friends repeatedly. Moreover, Don Juan's own relations with Franco have warmed considerably—at least on the surface. Elaborate arrangements are now always made for refueling Don Juan's yacht in Spanish ports. Once in Majorca, sailors from Spain's naval base were given liberty for the occasion of Don Juan's visit, and saluted the *Saltillo*, moving the Pretender to tears as he piloted the craft out to sea.

Into Exile. Don Juan often escapes the formality that is thrust upon him by his birth. At sea, he does his turn on deck with the crew; he normally wears faded dungarees and sneakers ashore in brief stops at foreign ports. At home in Estoril, he often drops in at bars for a beer or two, touring the tables to greet acquaintances. Now and then he goes to nightclubs, chats with friends until the small hours. He was not born to be a king, for he was only the third son of weak, dissolute Alfonso XIII. His eldest brother Don Alfonso was heir apparent. But Alfonso inherited the family's dread



ENRIQUE CARDINAL PLA Y DENIEL
Not against, but not for.

again. It was frightfully sad. At the bottom of one's heart, one could not help feeling that it was not for the good of the country.

Like the Wandering Jew. The royal exiles were warmly welcomed in republican France, but Don Juan still yearned for the sailor's life. His father wrote Britain's George V, asking that the lad be allowed to continue his training in the Royal Navy. Don Juan became a cadet at Dartmouth, went on to win his officer's stripes put in two years and 80,000 miles of sea travel with the British fleet. His marriage to a distant cousin and childhood friend Doña María de las Mercedes de Borbón y Orléans, was Rome's biggest social event of 1935. After a honeymoon in the U.S. and Canada, the couple took a house in Cannes. Within a year, civil war had broken out in Spain; abruptly Don Juan rushed off to join the nationalists' struggle against the republicans. But General Franco wanted no help from the monarchy and replied that Don Juan's life was "valuable and will be needed later."

Until they chose a place to live at Estoril in 1946, Don Juan and his family roamed through Europe, as he puts it, "like the wandering Jew."

The Reign in Spain. He is a handsome bull of a man, with no trace of the family's hereditary illness. But his younger daughter, Infanta Margarita, is blind. His older daughter, Infanta Pilar, 25, is now completing her nurse's training in Lisbon, living in Lausanne, Switzerland, is Queen Victoria Eugenia. Alfonso XIII's English widow, 74, regal matriarch of the brood, and last surviving granddaughter of Britain's Queen Victoria.

This week the Pretender will get back to Estoril just in time to celebrate his 49th birthday. A few days later, there will come a flood of guests—friends, political supporters, monarchists of any ilk—for



CHRISTIAN DEMOCRAT GIL ROBLES
Not revolution, but evolution.

hemophilia; after an auto accident in Florida in 1938, he bled to death.* Since the second son in line, Don Jaime, was a deaf-mute and renounced the throne, the monarchic responsibility at last fell to Don Juan.

Don Juan was a cadet in the Spanish naval academy near Cádiz when the news came on April 14, 1931, that the republic had been declared, and the royal family was rushing off to exile in France. That very night a torpedo boat hustled Don Juan off to join his parents. Recalls Don Juan: "I stood looking at those shores and I thought I might never go back

* As did Don Juan's hemophiliac younger brother, Don Gonzalo, in another car crash four years earlier. The disease comes not from the Habsburg dynasty, as legend has it, but from Britain's Queen Victoria, whose youngest son, Leopold, bled to death at 11, and whose daughters Alice and Beatrice carried the malady to other royal families. Beatrice was Don Juan's grandmother.



CAPTAIN GENERAL MUÑOZ GRANDES
Not with chains, but a soggy blanket.

the formal celebration of the feast day of his patron saint, San Juan Bautista. Every year the ritual is the same. As the visitors enter Villa Giraldita's big, comfortable drawing room, they press toward Don Juan and his wife to bow or curtsey. They greet the man who may one day be their ruler as "El Rey, El Rey."

Some of the Pretender's backers want *El Rey* to get tough and exploit the ferment in Spain with a rousing declaration to speed Franco's end. Some Spaniards even say that he should go back and live on Spanish soil. Don Juan refuses. "I couldn't . . . It'd raise problems . . . I'd be accused of meddling in politics," he mutters. He can only stonily and precarious course of not publicly antagonizing Franco and yet suggesting to the waiting Spanish people how he feels about the regime that in 1945 he called "fundamentally inconsistent with conditions prevailing in the world."

If Don Juan were king, his reign would certainly be more liberal than Franco's rule. "An absolute monarchy cannot exist today," Don Juan declares firmly. On the other hand, the too well remembered instability of the old republican government fortifies the conviction that a new Spanish constitution must provide for a much stronger monarch than exists in, say, Great Britain.

Don Juan is sure that, as king, he can do the job. "There is a feeling sometimes that the monarchies are obsolete. I say that depends on the traditions of the country. It does not mean that a monarchy cannot be applied to modern times. I see a great role in store for the monarchy: to make Spaniards live with each other, to make political controversy a matter of argument, not of fighting."



REFUGEE CARS JAM ALGIERS' WATERFRONT. They no longer say *Bonjour*, only "When?"

ALGERIA Terror Without End

The eagerly awaited broadcast of the Secret Army Organization came on after its usual theme, a few opening bars of a twist tune. The announcer warned that "the coming week will be primordial, decisive, for us Algerians." He hinted broadly that secret talks were under way between the S.A.O. and the Moslem F.L.N., and promised soon to be able to "definitely tell you whether to stay in this country or to leave it."

The S.A.O. made no secret of its demands: 1) recognition as the legitimate representative of the 1,000,000 European population; 2) amnesty for all S.A.O. killers, and 3) enlistment of 12,000 Europeans in the largely Moslem *Foyer de la Patrie*, which will keep order after the July 1 referendum results in Algeria's independence. To emphasize that they meant business, S.A.O. terrorists again began bombing and setting fire to public buildings, schools and hospitals. S.A.O. gunmen, continuing to hunt down French army officers loyal to De Gaulle, seriously wounded the French general commanding in western Algeria.

Last Plea. Vice Premier Belkaïem Krim of the Moslem F.L.N. flew in from his headquarters in Tunis to confer with members of the Provisional Government at Le Rocher Noir, the administrative center near Algiers. If anyone could talk to the killers and terrorists of the S.A.O., it was Krim, who had last appeared in Algeria in 1957 as a leader of the F.L.N. underground, which was spreading death and destruction among the Europeans. The S.A.O. had sworn never to allow an F.L.N. leader to enter Algeria alive, but the rightist newspaper *L'Aurore* hailed his presence and the prospect of talks between terrorists: "Perhaps in this way a nation will be born!"

But disappeared from view, the F.L.N. high command issued a communiqué that blasted the S.A.O. as "criminals" and flatly declared that the only "road to salvation" for Europeans was to depend on the Evian agreement signed last March by representatives of the F.L.N. and De Gaulle's government. The Evian accord allows Europeans to retain their French nationality for three years even though they participate in Algerian elections as voters or candidates, and promises that they "shall enjoy the benefits of resident aliens" if they then choose to remain French. Pleaded the F.L.N. statement: "The Evian agreements are the charter of your future in Algeria. Study them and you will see that they leave open to you all your chances, those that permit you to live in Algeria and to live there in security and dignity . . . Accept reality. With us you can participate in the building of a new country to guarantee the future of all our children."

Panicky Exodus. Despite the ringing words, the F.L.N. refusal to add specific guarantees to the Evian accord was discouraging to European liberals and non-F.L.N. Moslems. It enraged the S.A.O., whose transmitter broke into a regular

Algeria radio program to announce that "the ban is now lifted" on the departure of European men of fighting age. The panicky exodus—already reaching 70,000 Europeans a week—was spurred by the threat that those who remained would have "no schools, no homes, no services." An S.A.O. rear guard promised to carry out the destruction of the emptied cities. Having already destroyed 145 schools, the terrorists last week blew up Algiers city hall and part of the 2,400-bed Mustapha Hospital.

The fleeing Europeans seem determined to leave nothing to the Moslem inheritors of Algeria. The plumbing in abandoned homes was savagely broken; refrigerators were thrown into the Mediterranean; cars driven to the airport and docks were wrecked as a final gesture. In the cities of Algiers and Oran, Bône and Constantine last week, Europeans no longer greeted each other with "*Bonjour, comment ça va?*" Now they say: "When are you leaving?"

FRANCE Popularity Without Order

The higher President Charles de Gaulle soars in the affection of his countrymen, it seems, the less popular his government becomes.

De Gaulle was at his happiest last week, touring the green and wooded hills of Franche-Comté, plunging like a stilt-walker amid cheering crowds, grasping outstretched hands, patting the heads of schoolchildren, and leading community singings of the *Marseillaise*.[®] He acted as if the Algerian problem were over and forgotten, and promised his listeners that now "we shall build Europe, the real Europe, the Europe of peoples, and thus the Europe of states and not of words, myths and schemings."

But in Algeria there was more terror (*see above*), and behind him in Paris were frustrated legislators, politicians and judges.

Condemned Unheard. The National Assembly considered itself deeply insulted when Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville made an appearance to defend De Gaulle's concept of a Europe consisting of federated but sovereign states, and stipulated that the plan could only be debated, not voted upon. All ten Communist Deputies flatly refused to attend the session. More than half of the Deputies—Socialists, Radicals, Popular Republicans, Independents—walked out en masse. Left facing empty benches, except for Gaullist Deputies, Couve de Murville complained, "We were condemned before we could be heard."

At Lons-le-Saunier, De Gaulle visited the grey, slate-roofed house of Claude-Joseph Rouget de Lisle who, in 1792, gave the *Marseillaise* to Revolutionary France, received a gold watch that had once belonged to the composer. In Paris they marked the occasion with a story. Charles and Yvonne de Gaulle, it seems, were spending a quiet evening in the Elysée Palace, the President reading, his wife knitting. Suddenly the radio blared out the *Marseillaise*. "Oh, listen, Charles," cooed Mme. De Gaulle, "they're playing our song!"



DE GAULLE TOURING EASTERN FRANCE
They still sing Our Song.

Later, 293 of the 550 members of the National Assembly signed a manifesto rejecting De Gaulle's view of European organization as "old-fashioned" diplomacy. Instead, they proposed that European states give up a measure of national sovereignty to achieve a closer union, and concluded: "We affirm our conviction that only a United Europe, partner on the basis of equality with the U.S., will preserve the future of our liberties and peace." The signers of the manifesto represented enough votes to bring a motion of censure against De Gaulle's government, but they hesitated to embarrass De Gaulle on the eve of what may be the ultimate Algerian showdown. They also dreaded pushing him into ordering a popular referendum on the European issue when—as in all Gaullist referendums—the vote would be less on the question at issue than on De Gaulle's popularity.

Misguided Dogs. On the first day of the Franche-Comté tour, police arrested six persons charged with being part of an S.A.O. commando intending to assassinate De Gaulle. Police claimed the plotters had hoped to plant explosives at a railway underpass near Vesoul and blow up the presidential auto as it went through. Imitating smugglers, the S.A.O. group were also reported to have trained bomb-carrying dogs to respond to ultrasonic whistles: they could then be directed near De Gaulle in a crowd and the bombs exploded by remote control.

The "teledogs" were ridiculed in Paris, but the bitterness behind these and other fantastic schemes of revenge was no laughing matter. Neither was De Gaulle's determination to get back at the S.A.O. Still incensed because a military tribunal had failed to condemn to death the captured S.A.O. chieftain, Raoul Salan. De Gaulle ordered the public prosecutor to begin a new trial. To avoid the charge that Salan was facing double jeopardy, the prosecutor indicated he was concerned

only with Salan's acts since his arrest in Algiers on April 20—specifically the writing of directives to the S.A.O. from his cell at Paris' Santé prison.

De Gaulle also moved against the man whom Salan proclaimed to be his successor, the once eminently respectable Georges Bidault, 62. A member of the Assembly, a noted Resistance figure, twice Premier and nine times Foreign Minister of France, Bidault used to be a leader of the M.R.P., the Catholic party that supported De Gaulle in the '40s. Now Bidault is in hiding abroad, issuing fiery S.A.O. proclamations. Last week De Gaulle demanded that the Assembly lift his parliamentary immunity so that he may be tried for treason in *absentia*.

GREAT BRITAIN

Lingua Anglicana

Britain and the U.S. were urged last week to join in a massive drive to export one of their most precious natural resources: the English language. As a "truly universal language," said Sir David Eccles, Britain's Minister of Education, English could become "a great instrument for the creation of one world."

English is already the mother tongue of 250 million people; it is the second language of 250 million others. It has long been the language of world commerce and, said Eccles, is rapidly becoming "the accepted language of development and aid in all continents." Even Communist-bloc engineers on foreign aid missions accept English as the *lingua franca*; more than 50% of all Soviet schoolchildren take an intensive, eleven-year English course.

"English," said Eccles, "is now so far from being the suspect channel of Anglo-American culture and propaganda that it is accepted as the medium of rebellion and anti-colonialism." Britain's government, he said, is "under continuous pres-

sure" from new nations in Africa and Asia that need help in setting up English courses in their schools. The greatest demand comes not from governments but from private individuals, "simply because English is now the language of good jobs. Young people know that to get on in a scientific age they must know English."

To make their language "the common possession of the whole world," urged Eccles, English-speaking nations should launch an intensive campaign to improve mass teaching media, make available texts, film strips, records, books, radio and TV courses. The U.S. and the Commonwealth should also send "the greatest possible number of experts" to teacher training colleges throughout the world.

Education Minister Eccles (Winchester and Oxford) warned, however, that English may yet suffer the same fate as Latin, the world's first truly international tongue, which became fragmented into French, Italian and Spanish after the fall of the Roman Empire. "The danger is very real that English will break down into Oxford English, New York English, Australian English, Chinese English and so forth." Exploring examples of conflicting usages, Eccles pointed out that "flat" means "puncture" in New York and "apartment" in London, wondered "what to do about the young English gentlemen who call a donkey an arse?"

Concluded Eccles: "We must get down to the job of preserving common meanings and standards of purity for the English language. If we fail, we shall not be forgiven for our foolish negligence."

BERLIN

Dig-It-Yourself

Ten months after Walter Ulbricht sealed off East Berlin, his harassed border police last week were still adding new gun emplacements and barbed wire to keep their fellow citizens from climbing the Wall to freedom. But East Germans, in increasing numbers, are taking another route: underground.

Using spades, spoons and fireplace shovels to excavate three separate tunnels, East Germans last week dug their way out, chalking up the biggest weekly total of successful escapes recorded so far this year. Most ambitious of the tunnels went from West to East. Led by Peter Scholz, a 30-year-old West Berlin mechanic who was separated from his East German fiancée by the Wall, six young Berliners started in the cellar of a West Berlin tavern, dug a shaft 9 ft. below ground that surfaced 60 ft. away in the basement of an East Berlin photography shop. There they made rendezvous with eleven friends and relatives, including Scholz's fiancée and her four-month-old daughter, Suzanne, who had to be fed tranquilizers so that she would not cry out on the trip back. gingerly hauling Suzanne in a tin dishpan, the fugitives—among them five other women and two small boys—took three hours to squeeze through the 30-inch shaft to freedom.

The dig-it-yourself movement stirred irate protests from Moscow, where *Pravda*

accused West Berlin authorities of "openly inciting subversive actions against peace." In fact, the exodus has been stepped up by East Germany's increasingly desperate food shortage. Blaming the situation on its lack of export credits rather than the abysmal failure of its collectivized agriculture, the regime last week urged the people to start growing food in their own backyards. Whether for food or freedom, it looked as if more and more East Germans would be out digging this summer.

Tension mounted on both sides of the Wall at week's end, as West Berliners planned mammoth rallies to commemorate the anniversary of East Germany's abortive 1953 uprising. When Konrad Adenauer announced that he planned to fly to West Berlin for German Unity Day, as it is called, East Germany protested to the U.S., Britain and France that this would be a "provocative" act. But it was an East German border guard who did most to raise Berlin's blood pressure. When a twelve-year-old East Berlin schoolboy named Wolfgang Glaebe approached the barbed wire opposite the U.S. sector, the Vopo opened fire with a machine pistol. West Berliners had to watch helplessly as the dying boy was dragged back from the wire and left unattended for an hour until an ambulance came. He died on the way to a hospital.

Twice last week, in Washington, President Kennedy called meetings of his Berlin task force to discuss the continued shooting incidents along the Berlin wall. "We get 200 shots a day fired there now," said one State Department official. "In Laos that's a war."

ITALY

A Moderate Tendency

It was the first popular test for Italy's new center-left coalition government, which grew out of Premier Amintore Fanfani's *apertura a sinistra* (opening to the left) last February. In a heavy turnout, 3,000,000 voters cast ballots in municipal and provincial elections. Result: a sharp defeat for political extremism, both right and left.

In Rome, a fleet of 200 sound trucks blared the strident propaganda of the neo-Fascist *Movimento Sociale Italiano* (M.S.I.), and in the air relays of planes zoomed over rooftops, trailing the names of M.S.I. candidates. The heirs of Mussolini reportedly spent more than \$3,000,000 during the four-week campaign, but when the votes were counted it was clear that the *Missini* (the nickname derived from the party initials) had misspent their lire. The Fascist share of the total vote rose slightly from 9.7% in 1960 to 10%; a mere 19,000 new M.S.I. voters (new total: 248,000) were recruited at the expensive rate of about \$160 per vote.

On the extreme left, the Communists also were drubbed. Minor gains in the booming industrial north failed to compensate for defections in the poor agricultural south, cost the Reds about 1% in the total popular vote. The shift was

small but significant: it was the first time since 1948 that the Communist percentage had shrunk.

The biggest gains were scored by the Liberals, a small party (membership: 190,000) with a right-of-center, free-enterprising program which had opposed the *apertura a sinistra*. The Liberals' strong showing suggested a distrust of the left, a belief that free-enterprise capitalism can do most for Italy's new and growing middle class. Despite this slight pull to the right, Premier Fanfani's alliance had weathered its first test at the polls. His Christian Democrats' vote dipped a bit, but their coalition partners did well. As Red Boss Palmiro Togliatti complained, the elections reflected an unmistakable "moderate tendency."



EBTEHAJ & WIFE
Bail was a mere \$140 million.

IRAN

End of a Tragikomedy

"Please tell Mr. Ebtehaj to leave prison so as to make our job easy," said the magistrate to a clerk. Thus, on the same absurd note with which it began seven months ago, the case of Iran's most celebrated prisoner ended last week.

Abol Hassan Ebtehaj, 62, is a brilliant but irascible banker and economic planner whose frequent forceful criticism of Iranian corruption and autocracy outraged Cabinet ministers and even members of the Shah's entourage. With equal bluntness he attacked the U.S. for "spoiling us little children" with massive military aid, accused Washington of doling out economic assistance without sufficient planning. For years, Iranian officialdom tolerated him simply because Ebtehaj was essential to the country's economy. As chief of Iran's Plan Organization from 1954 to 1959, he initiated the country's ambitious land and industrial development projects, hired such able foreign

assistance as David E. Lilienthal's Development and Resources Corp.

Last November Ebtehaj's enemies caught up with him. He was imprisoned on criminal charges that he had misused funds, signed a \$35 million contract with Lilienthal's group before the government had formally authorized the agreement. After Ebtehaj was jailed, the government went ahead with the deal.

Delicate Issue. Ebtehaj behind bars proved to be almost as troublesome as Ebtehaj on the loose. Editorial writers in Europe and the U.S. demanded his release; the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee informally explored the issue. The Iranian government grew so sensitive on the subject that it suspended foreign publications that even mentioned his name. Even Premier Ali Amini said he was convinced that Ebtehaj was "honest and upright," but the Ministry of Justice continued to hold their prisoner without a trial or a formal indictment.

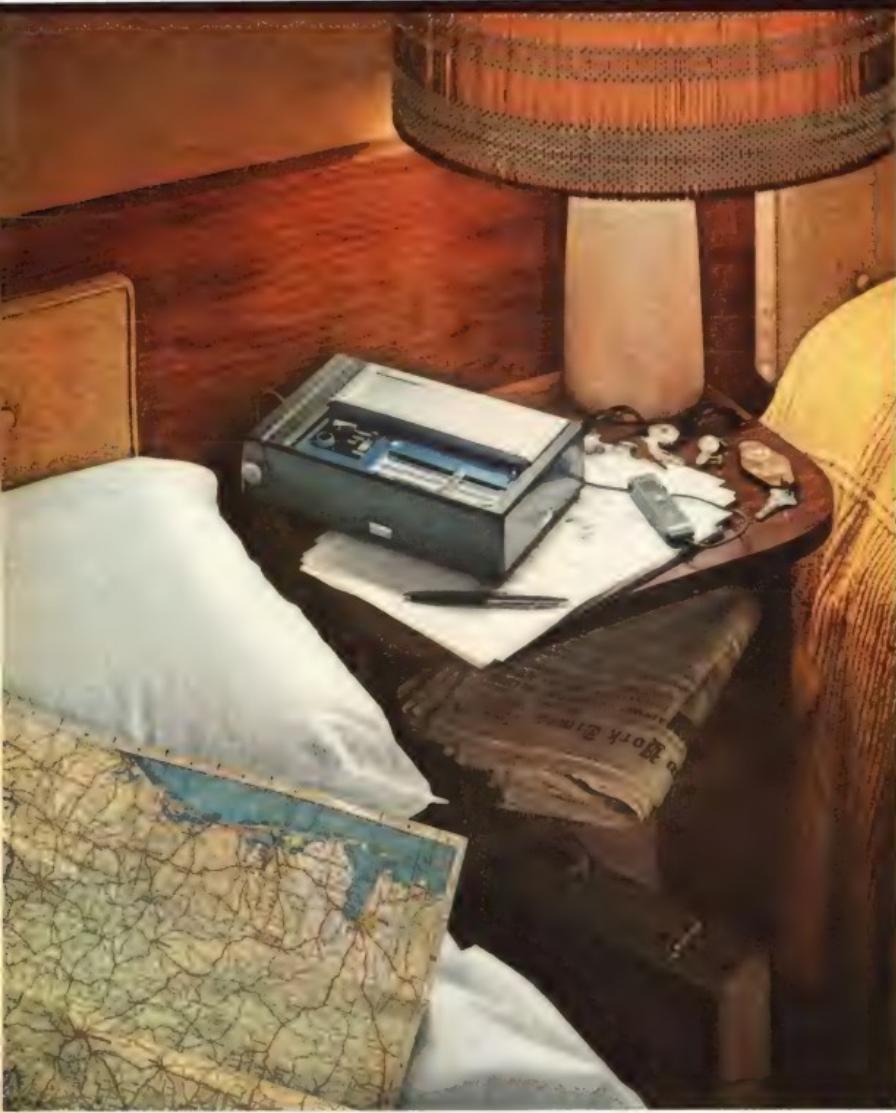
Last month, after the entire top echelon of the Plan Organization resigned because Justice Ministry gumshoes had brought all work to a standstill by asking "thousands of stupid, irrelevant and vexatious questions," Amini promised to take immediate action on Ebtehaj's case. More important, the Shah himself became a frequent visitor to a Teheran bowling alley owned by Mrs. Ebtehaj, promised to help her husband get out of jail.

About two weeks ago Ebtehaj was offered his freedom if he handed over bail of \$140 million—four times the amount of the contract with Lilienthal. Newspapers defied censorship to quip that the government was trying to pay off its deficit. Haughtily, Ebtehaj refused the proposition, even though his wife raised pledges for the money in less than a week. "If I am guilty, prosecute me," he said, "and if I am innocent, release me. I cannot claim to be innocent by furnishing bail."

Final Compromise. The government then reduced its demand for bail to \$35 million and offered to write a letter to Ebtehaj affirming his innocence and unjust arrest. Still he refused. Only when the regime's face-saving condition of bail was dropped completely did the prisoner agree to be liberated. In exchange, Ebtehaj posted a \$140 million bond guaranteeing his continued presence in Teheran.

Last week everything seemed ready for the triumphal return home. Then Ebtehaj himself provoked more trouble. He demanded written assurances that the conditions of the bond permitted him to vacation at Iran's Caspian Sea resorts. Wearily, the magistrate applied to higher authorities for permission. Until the papers arrived, Ebtehaj insisted on staying in jail, even grabbed the belt of a cop who had neglected the formality of the occasion and tried to leave Ebtehaj unguarded. Two days later he finally consented to quit his prison hospital cell, and his captors breathed a sigh of relief. Said Ebtehaj last week as he drove off from jail with his wife and 43-year-old daughter: "Thus ends a tragicomic opera of Iranian justice."

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THE HEMISPHERE

PANAMA

Still & Forever

A blessing of geography and the pugnacious foresight of Teddy Roosevelt gave the Republic of Panama its No. 1 asset—the Panama Canal. Under a historic treaty signed in 1903 and renegotiated in 1955, the U.S., which has spent more than \$1.5 billion to build and improve the canal, retains control over the vital Atlantic-Pacific seaway "in perpetuity." This point has long galled the nationalistic Panamanians and has touched off anti-American riots throughout Panama. Last week Panama's President Roberto Chiari, 57, a businessman with a knack for negotiating, flew into Washington to discuss the issue with President Kennedy. After a 21-gun salute at the airport, Chiari told Kennedy: "I believe that frankness is the only way two friendly nations can attempt to solve their problems."

Friendliness he found—and frankness too, Kennedy offered to settle many of those grievances that do not affect U.S. sovereignty: more employment and higher wages for Panamanians in the Canal Zone, the right to have the Panamanian flag flown next to the U.S. flag everywhere in the Canal Zone, a U.S.-enforced system to withhold the income taxes of Panamanian and non-U.S. workers in the Canal Zone. But the concessions President Chiari had really come to bargain for he did not receive.

Expand & Improve. The Panamanians want a substantial increase in tolls. Arguing that the charges (about \$4,700 per ship on the average) are out of line with modern shipping costs, Chiari would like the U.S. to raise tolls and give Panama 20% of total revenues. The U.S. spends all of the \$5,000,000 annual profit on canal expansion and improvement.

Chiari also wanted, but did not get, an increase in the \$1,930,000-a-year fee the U.S. pays for the Canal Zone. The U.S. maintains that while it may be paying a low annuity Panama benefits in other ways. Canal Zone employees and various U.S. agencies spent well over \$2 million in Panama last year, \$10 million more than Panama's national budget. The figure will probably rise this year. Under Panamanian pressure, Canal Zone commissioners which have supplied most foodstuffs needed by local residents, may soon cut back. Zone stores are even now buying heavily from Panamanian producers.

A Second Canal. During his talks with Kennedy, Chiari repeated his theme that "Panama will always insist it has sovereignty over all of our territory, and this is something we shall never surrender." But as an accomplished bargainer who knows more or less what to expect before he sits down, he was prepared for the U.S. answer: though Panama owns the land the U.S. must retain effective control. Nor did he press too hard.

Returning home after a visit to New York where he was welcomed in a bliz-

zard of ticker tape ("What a wonderful, remarkable thing"), Chiari could report good news on a project that would mean much more to Panama than any haggling over current fees and tolls. When the present canal reaches its capacity sometime between 1980 and the year 2000, the U.S. intends to build another one, and it will probably be in Panama. Of all possible new routes (see map), the two most favored are in eastern Panama above the Colombian border. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, which has studied the border area, thinks that it would be just the place to blast out a canal with a

is remembered for both his strong arm and liberal public works.

"I Predict Victory." As the polls closed, Belaúnde and his staff gathered tensely in his discreetly lavish home in the well-to-do Lima suburb of San Isidro. A maid passed cheese sandwiches and whisky; a portable radio sputtered with the early returns. At a table in a corner, the president of Belaúnde's *Acción Popular* Party sat at a telephone listening to the party's own reckoning of its vote.

By Belaúnde's figures, he was the clear winner. An hour before midnight, before the count reached 200,000 and 10% of the vote, Belaúnde sat at a typewriter pecked out a victory statement with two fingers, and drove to the studios of Lima's Channel 13. At 11:30 the movie in progress faded out and Belaúnde's handsome face appeared. "I am able to predict our definitive victory," he announced.

"We'll See." In the high-ceilinged living room of a downtown Lima mansion APRA Chieftain Haya de la Torre stared in disbelief at the TV screen. The election was not going as well as expected but APRA's figures did not bear out Belaúnde's snap victory claim. "Wait till the solid north comes in," Haya muttered. "Then we'll see." He went to a phone. A few minutes later, he came back, pointed at the TV set and said "Manolo will be on in a few minutes." Haya's silver-haired vice-presidential candidate, Manuel Seoane, soon appeared to deny that Belaúnde—or anyone else—could claim victory so soon.

Seoane's caution was justified not only that first night, but throughout the week that followed. Peru's 144 provinces are divided into 1,500 governing districts half of them so remote that there is no road to the outside world. As the returns trickled in by horse, burro, llama and boat, each party and every major newspaper interpreted them to suit its fancy. At week's end Belaúnde's *Acción Popular* gave his total as 503,750, some 20,000 ahead of Haya. APRA's figures showed Haya with 546,407, ahead of Belaúnde by 34,000 votes. The closest thing to an impartial estimate was in ex-Premier Pedro Beltrán's *La Prensa*: Haya, \$86,000 (32.75%); Belaúnde, \$70,000 (32.12%); Odria, \$60,800 (27.95%). It would probably be three weeks before the last votes were counted officially.

If the official tally bears out *La Prensa's* projection, with Haya ahead but with less than one-third of the vote, choice of the new President will be decided under the constitution by an absolute majority of the new Congress—whose makeup also remains in doubt. Over everything looms the shadow of Peru's army, bitterly anti-Haya since his revolutionary days in the 1930s. By its own arithmetic last week, the army declared Fernando Belaúnde the winner. If Haya should be the victor, but by a narrow majority, there are veiled indications that the army will prevent his installation.



string of nuclear charges. The cost would come to just \$1,250,000,000 compared with nearly \$3 billion by conventional methods. When and if the nuclear canal is dug, Panama will be certain to have its full say in how things are run.

PERU

Outcome in Doubt

The last sweeping promises of reform were made, the screaming loudspeakers were switched off, the chanting supporters had left the plazas. Peru's 2,222,926 registered voters submitted themselves to the most elaborate anti-fraud safeguards in the country's history and then cast their votes for a new President from among three leading candidates: Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, 67, founder of the long-outlawed Marxist-turned-moderate APRA Party; Fernando Belaúnde Terry, 49, a wellborn, highly nationalistic architect who narrowly lost the 1956 presidential elections; and Manuel Odriá, 64, Dictator-President of Peru from 1950 to 1956, who

PEOPLE

In her latest movie she shimmies through one sequence in a blonde wig, a few tassels, enough feathers for a sparrow's spring plumage, and not much else. Even so, Italy's **Gina Lollobrigida** was shocked when Hollywood's new Wax Museum unveiled a reclining likeness of her in a black slip hiked up somewhere between navel and knees. "Please, *Signore*," pleaded La Lollo, "the short slip shows too much Gina." The museum's directors were sympathetic, but they wouldn't dream of tampering with a work of art. The patrons seem to appreciate it, they replied, so the slip stays slipped.

In the Martello Tower at Sandycove on the Irish Sea, Dublin at last paid formal homage to the genius of a man who had long outraged and puzzled it—**James Joyce**. At the start of a week-long tribute, the Tower, refurbished with the help of funds from Film Director John Huston, Playwright Sean O'Casey and Poet T. S. Eliot, was dedicated as a James Joyce museum, housing first editions of his books, recordings of his readings, and a death mask made in 1941 in Zurich where he died after more than 30 years of self-exile. The site was carefully chosen, for the opening scene of *Ulysses* is set there. So was the date, for June 16 was the 58th anniversary of "Bloomsday," the day of Leopold Bloom's 24-hour odyssey through "dear dirty Dublin" in the pages of *Ulysses*.

Two months after rescuers hacksawed him, battered and bloody, out of the unrecognizable wreckage of a pale green Lotus at England's Goodwood International Grand Prix, Auto Racer **Stirling Moss**, 32, was talking about getting back behind the wheel. In pajamas and striped



RECUPERATING STIRLING MOSS
For a champ, a lap ahead.

dressing gown, the durable daredevil sat in a wheelchair at London's Atkinson Morley's Hospital, joshing them through tests, flirting with nurses and telling friends, "I'll be teaching you the twist soon." Doctors no longer feared paralysis from brain damage, but they said it would be four to six months before he could race again. When that time comes, said Moss, he will go to the track where he crashed, and try to equal his 105.37 m.p.h. lap record. If he cannot within half an hour, "I'll pack up and quit. I've got too much pride to race as an also-ran. But I'm going to get back 100%."

After enviously eying the handball court, solarium and showers over at Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department, Labor Secretary **Arthur J. Goldberg**, 53, set up an exercise room for his own laborers. Trim and flat-bellied, Goldberg nevertheless planned to spend a lot of time there. "When your frustrations begin to get the best of you," said the man-in-the-middle of arguments ranging from sopranos to flight engineers, "working over the punching bag is great medicine."

To an obbligato of cheers, applause and feminine squeals of "Vanyusha!", curly-haired Pianist **Van Cliburn**, 27, put on a triumphant two-night stand in Moscow's Tchaikovsky Conservatory, where he won the International Tchaikovsky Piano Competition four years ago. He even got his first piano teacher into the act. Brought onstage by his son, Mrs. Rilda Bee Cliburn, 58, rippled off two warmly applauded pieces. The only clink of the tour, in fact, was hit by Nikita Khrushchev. Ending a concert attended by the Soviet Premier, the Texas treble dedicated Chopin's *Fantasy in F Minor* "to Nikita Sergeevich." But Nikita, already hurrying backstage for a private dinner party with the toast of the town, was not in his box. Informed that Cliburn was still at the keyboard, he scrambled back to his place for the encores.

At 90, Philosopher **Bertrand Russell** is in no mood to waste words. His latest work, *History of the World in Epitome*,



RECLINING GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA (IN WAX)
For a sparrow in spring's plumage, a slipped slip.

is an eleven-page, bite-sized pamphlet published by London's oddball Gaberbocchus Press. It consists of a page with seven words, a drawing of the Garden of Eden, two more pages with seven more words, a drawing of a Rube Goldbergish battle scene, and a final few words. Intended "for use in Martian infant schools," as the title page puts it, Ban-the-Bomb Bertie's text reads, in toto: "Since Adam and Eve ate the apple, man has never refrained from any folly of which he was capable." In case anyone misses the message, the pamphlet closes with a photo of a towering mushroom cloud.

The farmer's wife who thumbs the familiar Sears, Roebuck catalogue in quest of ginghams and gadgets is in for a surprise. Its pages will soon blossom with art, abstract and otherwise. Hired to gather original paintings, etchings, drawings and sculptures in the U.S. and abroad was Cinemactor **Vincent Price**, 51, epicure, art collector and ex-champ (in the art category) of TV's *\$6,000 Challenge*. Yuleman ('33) Price will shop for items priced mostly under \$100, and Sears will feature them in its 1,500-page catalogue. The venture, conceded one Searsman, is "highly exploratory."

Turning briefly from his work with displaced persons as U.N. Deputy High Commissioner for Refugees, Prince **Sadruddin Aga Khan**, 29, fled suit in Geneva to displace his wife, slinky former London Fashion Model Nina Dyer, 32, on grounds of "incompatibility." Married in 1957, Nina and Harvardman ('54) Sadri, half brother of the late Aly Khan, were separated for nearly two years—she fluttering around Paris, he roaming from Arab sheikdoms to Congolese refugee camps for the U.N. Sadri's lawyer, aware that it cost German-born Steel Heir Baron Heinrich von Thyssen more than \$1,000,000 and a French chateau to wed Nina in 1957, was on his guard. Said he: "We are well armed against any such demand."

Pointing a stubby finger at "bad counsel and bad judgment"—not to mention slow horses and fast divorces—compact Cinemactor **Mickey Rooney**, 41, hove



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ANTHONY HISS
And on to law school.

into Los Angeles Federal Court under a luxury-model debt and filed for bankruptcy. Having earned some \$12 million in a career that began when he portrayed a midget at the age of five, Rooney claimed assets of \$500 in personal effects, debts of \$464,014, including \$116,512 in back taxes, \$22,050 in back alimony to three of his four ex-wives. "From now on," pledged he, "I'm going to watch things a little more carefully."

Named executive editor of the Harvard *Crimson*, fifth-ranked editorial post on the undergraduate daily, was horn-rimmed **Anthony Hiss**, 20, a history and lit major who is aiming for Harvard Law School after his graduation next June. An earlier Harvard Law man (class of '29); his father, Alger Hiss, 57, an honors graduate who won the coveted post of secretary to Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes at the recommendation of Mentor Felix Frankfurter, served as a high State Department official before his conviction (and three-year eight-month imprisonment) for perjury in denying that he had passed Government papers to onetime Communist Courier Whittaker Chambers. He is now a salesman for stationery and printing interests.

For the edification of those disgruntled by South Viet Nam's new ban on public and private dancing, strait-laced First Lady **Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu** delivered a stern lecture. "Foreigners come here not to dance, but to help Vietnamese fight Communism," said President Diem's sister-in-law and official hostess. "Dancing with death is sufficient." Besides, said she, "Asians are not used to promiscuity between men and women. If the Americans want to dance, they should go elsewhere." And what of Saigon's 1,200 newly unemployed taxi dancers? Said the mandarin Mme. Nhu coldly: "The question is not finding work for them, but starving them into more useful jobs."



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■ Report to business from B.F. Goodrich



Even hot and hungry acids can't eat this vinyl pipe

At this country's largest uranium plant, over 200 million gallons of highly corrosive solution have failed to hurt 4 miles of B.F. Goodrich Koroseal pipe. Yellowcake is "baked" here. That's a deceptive nickname for uranium oxide, key raw material in America's nuclear energy program.

The "bakery" is the giant Kermac Nuclear Fuels Corp. plant near Grants, New Mexico, where U_3O_8 is extracted from its ore. Kermac's recipe calls for a heated flow of sulphuric acid solution, highly alkaline ammonia and powerful organic solvents in kerosene—a combina-



tion of corrosives no conventional piping could handle.

The acid solution would corrode standard metal pipe. Stainless steel alloys are too expensive, glass-lined pipe too delicate. Rubber-lined pipe can't handle the organic solution. A plastic pipe was needed, but most plastics couldn't contend with the abrasive ore slurry. The men who designed this plant specified rigid Koroseal pipe, a product of B.F.Goodrich Industrial Products Co. BFG not only produced the pipe but the raw material from

which it's made and also custom-designed many fittings and valves. It's one of the world's largest rigid vinyl pipe installations. And Koroseal can take it: Kermac engineers report that in three years there hasn't been a single corrosion failure.

Wherever there's "rough stuff" to be carried, more and more companies are coming to Kermac's conclusion: B.F.Goodrich Koroseal. Learn more from your BFG distributor or write the President's Office, *The B.F.Goodrich Co., Akron 18, O.*

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MUSIC

Igor's Flood

The old man's 80th birthday was June 17. And last week, the extravagant tributes to Igor Stravinsky reached a fortissimo as CBS broadcast the world première of Stravinsky's only composition written expressly for television.

Noah and the Flood, a dance drama costing about \$200,000 to produce, floated into view with strings shimmering, cymbals clanging, horns blaring dissonantly. The show was endowed with the New York City Ballet dancers. Narrator Laurence Harvey, and an impressive cast headed by Sebastian Cabot and Elsa Lanchester. But the main reason that *Noah* proved to be seaworthy was the buoyant artistry of two old collaborators, Stravinsky and Choreographer George Balanchine.

Based on the tale from *Genesis*, *Noah* gave glimpses of Stravinsky at his best—his music speaking with the incisiveness of the century's most famed composer. Stravinsky built Noah's Ark with flutes, French horns, and thumping timpani that seemed to pound every wooden board in place. He created the flood with wavy strings and the liquid tone of wood and string basses. His storm was disconcerting dissonance.

On the TV screen, Balanchine's dancers moved with an agile, flowing grace. Adam and Eve (Jacques d'Amboise and Jillana) performed an erotic *pas de deux* that eloquently argued for their eviction from Eden. There was tragedy—Lucifer being consumed by vanity and ambition. There was comedy—Noah and his tipsy wife got in a domestic squabble. And there were the mournful *Te Deums* of the Columbia Chorus.

The production—which resembles an oratorio in form—ran into trouble only be-

cause its diverse elements—orchestral music, song, narration, mime and dance—never quite had the chance to demonstrate their virtues in a massive production crammed into 2½ minutes. One result was that musical ideas could not be fully developed with Stravinsky's twelve-tone technique. His music, the production's foundation, occasionally sounded like a collection of vignettes. Brilliant as it was, Balanchine's choreography was also bothered by limitations of space and time.

Despite its failings, *Noah* made a moving TV debut. It added up to one more success for the team that created such ballets as *Petrouchka*, *Firebird*, *Orpheus and Agon*. Says Prima Ballerina Melissa Hayden, who watched with admiration: "I do not know what Balanchine and Stravinsky will do next, what new medium they will conquer, and what new experiences they will give: I am only sure that when they do, I want to be there and be a part of it."

Composer's Curriculum

In its 57 years, the Juilliard School of Music has played a leading role in helping the U.S. to attain a musical identity of its own. In the process, the school has largely been molded in the image of its presidents, including 51-year-old William Schuman, who recently resigned to head Manhattan's new Lincoln Center. Last week Juilliard got a new president, Peter Mennin, 39, a distinguished composer who figures he will make a good start by just keeping pace with the conservatory's present high standards.

Professional Potential. In his 16 years at Juilliard, Schuman, the man most responsible for its continuing role as the nation's No. 1 conservatory, made it flourish as never before. In place of old-



JUILLIARD'S MENNIN
An identity of his own.

fashioned theory courses, he instituted a widely discussed curriculum called "Literature and Materials of Music," which used the music of the past as text and was largely taught by composers. The Juilliard that Mennin inherits has a flourishing dance department that numbers in its faculty Martha Graham, Antony Tudor, José Limón, and a topnotch quartet-in-residence, headed by Violinist Robert Mann. Juilliard stresses contemporary music, believing that "musicians of a given epoch have the responsibility for the music of their time." It emphasizes student performances, which frequently are attended by artists' managers and talent scouts for major orchestras and opera houses. Van Cliburn, Leontyne Price and John Browning were all signed after Juilliard performances.

So well tested are the Juilliard philosophy and formula that at least one-third of the nation's home-trained concert artists are Juilliard alumni. Increasingly Juilliard plans to enroll only students of truly professional potential. Selecting its high-caliber students, integrating Juilliard with the other parts of Lincoln Center, where it will soon move, and adding a drama wing to the school's music and dance divisions, promise to be a job that will keep Mennin as frantically occupied as any of his predecessors.

Impeccable Innovator. At Baltimore's famed Peabody Conservatory, which he headed before accepting the Juilliard job Mennin was a firm administrator and an impeccable dresser. He was also an innovator: he founded a new theater to present little-known operas, and an imaginative project (financed by the Ford Foundation) to find and train gifted young composers. For all that, Mennin (whose father is named Mennini) rarely arrived at his office much before noon. Reason: he composed music in the early mornings.

One of the nation's foremost composers, Mennin won the first Gershwin Memorial Award, two Guggenheims, the Bears Prize of Columbia University, and awards from the Naumburg Foundation and the American Academy of Arts and Letters. By the end of the year, Mennin best known for his vigorous *Sixth Symphony*, hopes to complete his seventh.



STRAVINSKY, ARK DANCERS & BALANCHINE
Noah proved seaworthy.

SCIENCE

Buggy to the Moon

Even while Space Administration Chief James E. Webb was telling a congressional committee last week about two of the most promising methods that the U.S. may use in its effort to land men on the moon, some of his technical advisers were favoring a third: LOR (lunar orbital rendezvous). Though LOR at first glance seems like a bizarre product of far-out science fiction, many scientists are already convinced that it will prove easier, quicker and perhaps cheaper than any other system for making lunar landings.

At present the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is planning to reach the moon by earth orbital rendezvous (EOR)—an effort that will require two advanced Saturn boosters, each with 6,000,000 lbs. of thrust. One rocket will carry the crew and its Apollo capsule and place it in an orbit around the earth. The second will bring up the fuel, rocket engines and other gear needed for the remainder of the earth-moon trip. The two payloads will rendezvous on orbit and

prepare for departure for the moon. If preliminary tests make this system look too difficult, Webb proposes to fall back on direct ascent, using a giant Nova booster with 12 million lbs. of thrust to toss a manned spaceship to the moon without the complication of orbital rendezvous. In either case the spaceship will land on the moon after braking its descent with retro-rockets, then take off for the earth from the moon's surface, perhaps parking briefly in a lunar orbit before starting the long voyage home.

Branch Line. The LOR system will use different tactics. When the spaceship approaches the moon, it will burn a small amount of fuel in its retro-rockets and nudge itself into an orbit about 100 miles above the lunar surface. Then, instead of descending, it will detach a small "bug" containing two of its three-man crew. The bug will have rocket engines, a communication system and a modest supply of fuel as well as "biological support" to keep the crew alive. After it separates from the orbiting spaceship, a brief burst from its engines will put it into an ellipti-

cal orbit that swoops down to ten miles above the moon's surface. As the bug approaches this low point, the crew will fire a final decelerating burst and—hopefully—make a gentle touchdown on a not-too-rugged or dusty spot.

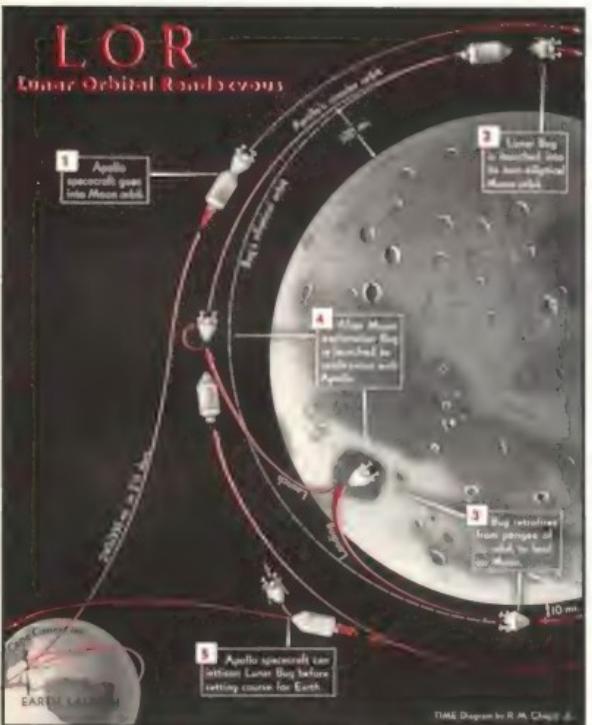
Departure will reverse the procedure. After exploring the nearby parts of the moon as thoroughly as their oxygen, supplies and equipment permit, the crew of the bug will blast off and rendezvous with the spaceship orbiting above them. After joining the two spacecraft and making everything shipshape, the reunited crew will boost themselves out of orbit and take off for the earth. The bug may be taken back to earth or abandoned on the lunar orbit.

The great advantage of LOR comes from weight- and fuel-saving at the moon end of the trip. A three-man spaceship capable of landing on the moon with enough fuel left to take off again and propel itself back to the earth, will have to weigh somewhere in the vicinity of 100,000 lbs. The landing bug will be much smaller, probably weighing only 25,000 lbs., because it will not carry all the fuel, supplies and equipment for the full trip back to earth. Less fuel will be needed to land it on the moon and take it off again. All these savings will be reflected many times over in the diminished size of the booster needed at the start of the voyage. LOR enthusiasts estimate that a single advanced Saturn booster will be powerful enough to make the voyage direct, skipping the costly and difficult rendezvous in earth orbit.

All plans to land on the moon are necessarily uncertain. No manned satellite has yet approached another orbiting object, or even attempted to. The formidable problems of bringing two manned satellites together and making them join without damage are still far from solution, and new, unimagined difficulties are sure to arise before a dependable technique has been developed and tested. Plenty of space experts fear that many years will pass before the first successful rendezvous on a lunar orbit has been accomplished. Rendezvous on a lunar orbit promises to be even more difficult.

The crews of satellites circling the earth will be in constant communication with ground stations and with each other, even when they are on opposite sides of the earth. Their orbits will be analyzed by computers and their positions reported accurately every few minutes. The crews will be told what to do to bring the satellites together in the most effective way. If in attempt at rendezvous fails, the crews can re-enter the atmosphere and hope to get home alive.

On Their Own. Astronauts trying to rendezvous on a lunar orbit will be on their own. There will be no friendly stations on the moon's hostile surface, no computers to analyze the orbits of the waiting spaceship or of the bug that is trying to join it. Unless the two are close together, their crews will not be able to see each other or communicate by radio; the moon's surface curves so sharply that





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a few hundred miles of distance will put each of them below the other's horizon. Theoretically they can communicate by relaying messages via the earth, but this cumbersome system is not likely to prove dependable.

Before attempting lunar orbital rendezvous, U.S. astronauts will have to make many practice steps. First will come rendezvous in earth orbit, the crewmen becoming proficient at bringing their satellite capsules together with help from the earth below. Then a spaceship will voyage to the moon, park itself for a while in orbit there and return to the earth. After that, a bug will leave the spaceship and make a practice rendezvous with it without trying to land. Only after this maneuver has been mastered by several successful trials will the first lonely bug attempt to land on the hostile moon.

The Atomic Eye

In a California courtroom, an accused murderer will soon be confronted by a novel adversary. A witness for the prosecution will be an atomic scientist, armed with "radiation fingerprints," evidence that can be as accurate and reliable as a photograph of the actual crime. No ordinary cop could hope to gather such fingerprints, or even to decipher them. They are the product of neutron activation analysis, which requires that specimens under study be irradiated with neutrons in a nuclear reactor. Then the fine details of their chemical composition can be deduced from the pattern of the radiation they give off. Though the technique is not new, it has never before been used in crime detection in the U.S.* and with its astonishing sensitivity, it promises to provide law enforcement with an ultimate gunshoe.

Neutron activation analysis functions best as a reverse application of the common fingerprint technique—instead of gathering evidence a criminal leaves at the scene of his crime, it permits examination of evidence that the scene (or the weapon) leaves on the criminal. It can serve as an omniscient monitor of the most carefully planned alibis.

A cotton swab, for example, can be rubbed over a suspect's hand, irradiated, and its gamma rays studied to determine whether the man has fired a gun. Infinitesimal traces of gunpowder components left on the hand by explosion gases show up unmistakably under neutron analysis. The sensitivity of the technique extends to one-billionth of a gram. It is a marvel at detecting the presence of poison, easily spotting a thimbleful dissolved in ten tank cars of water. Neutron analysis can get along with specimens far smaller than those needed for conventional chemical analysis: a fragment of lint, a strand of hair, a fleck of paint will suffice. Happily, the radioactivity caused by the neutrons soon dies down, and, once studied, the evidence can safely be brought into a courtroom.

* NAA evidence helped to win a *ruuu* murder conviction in Canada and has been used in French courts.



RADIOCHEMIST GUINN
Evidence in the oscilloscope.

Neutron activation analysis has yet to be ruled on officially by a high U.S. court, but its backers are confident: the technique claims extreme accuracy—comparable to the best chemical techniques—and its sensitivity offers crime detection a powerful new weapon. Says Dr. Vincent Guinn, a radiochemist who is director of a joint project of the Atomic Energy Commission, General Dynamics Corp. and the Los Angeles police department: "Neutron activation analysis is no cure-all for crime, nor do I think it will replace regular chemical analysis procedures. But it may well be a quantum change in the sense of enabling the investigator to identify materials with a degree of accuracy and sensitivity never before available to him."

Language of Oink

Ignoring the gibes of colleagues, Geneticist Glen McBride of Australia's University of Queensland perched for two years on the fences of pigpens. By listening to the oinks and grunts of teen-age swine (8- to 16-week age bracket), he hoped to fathom their social order, to learn how to make them more comfortable and faster growing. He failed, mostly because the young swine were made into hams and bacon before he got to know them well. But he did learn the pig language.

McBride concluded that pigs have a vocabulary of at least ten easily distinguishable squeals and grunts, most of which express mood or emotion. A high-pitched squeal means distress or pain. A lower-pitched squeal, very common with pigs, says "I'm hungry." A short squeal like a dog's yelp means "I give up."

Grunts are more subtle, says McBride. Grunt No. 1—contentment. Grunt No. 2—"Here I am." Grunt No. 3—"I'm in a bad mood." Grunt No. 4—"Let me alone."

Nursing sows have special grunts for their piglets:

Sow grunt No. 1—"Come and get it." Sow grunt No. 2—"Finish your dinner." Sow grunt No. 3—"Watch out, kids. I'm going to move and may squash you."



New uses for world's oldest wonder drug

Today, medical science mounts new attacks on illness with one of its oldest weapons . . . Aspirin. Long used as a low-cost pain and fever fighter, Aspirin now shows benefits in medical therapy directed at a broadening range of human ills—including asthma, prevention of kidney stones, and in research studies involving body metabolism in diabetes as well as in intravascular clotting. Monsanto, the world's leading producer of bulk Aspirin for pharmaceutical manufacturers, studies new clinical findings, reports to its customers each new use for this versatile wonder drug. Monsanto Chemical Company, St. Louis 66, Missouri.



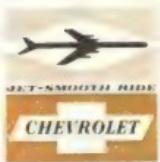
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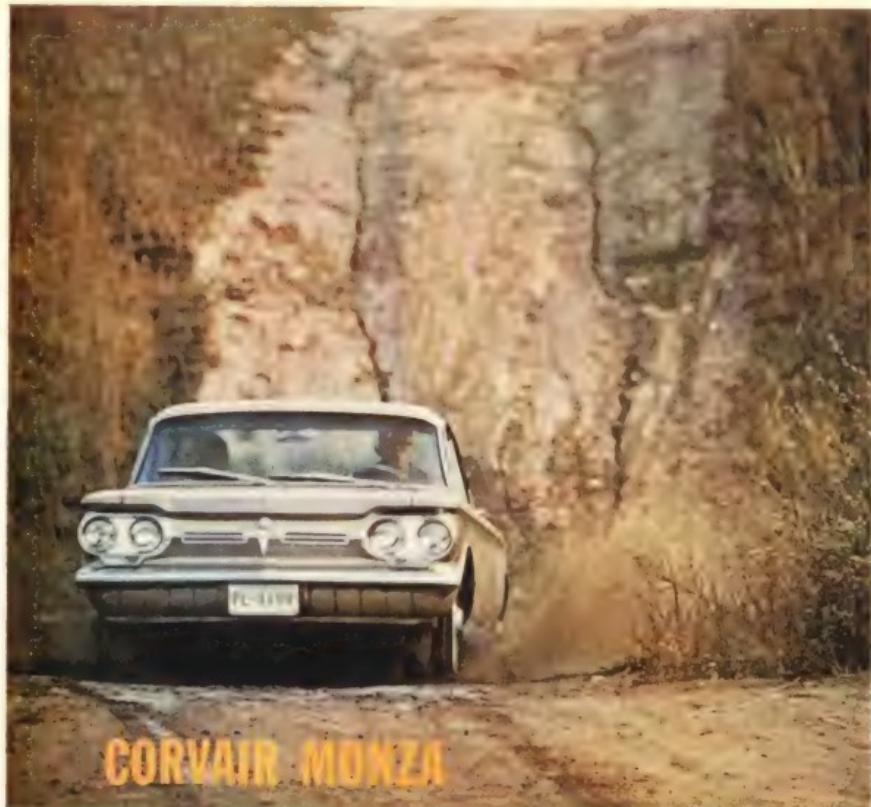
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WALTER RENNOLD

JUSTICE BLACK
No ifs, buts or whereases.

Minority Opinion

Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press.

—First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution

A publisher peddles filth through the mails. In some public square, a Communist advocates violent overthrow of the U.S. Government. Elsewhere, a federal employee blurbs security secrets to anyone who will listen. Long before a man accused of murder comes to trial, a newspaper recommends hanging. What should be done about the pornographer, the Communist, the spiller of state secrets, the newspaper that beats justice to the bar?

U.S. Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black has spent much of his long and turbulent career arguing his conviction that nothing at all should be done. He maintains that the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, guaranteeing absolute freedom of speech and the press, leaves such offenders beyond the reach of any law. In the current issue of the New York University Law Review, Justice Black extended his version of the Bill of Rights even farther. "I have no doubt myself," said he, "that the provision intended that there should be no libel or defamation law in the United States Government, just absolutely none."

Right to Speak. Even N.Y.U. Law Professor Edmond Cahn, whose dialogue with Justice Black forms the basis of the Law Review article, seemed astonished at Black's stand. Did that mean, Cahn asked, that a U.S. citizen is free to say or print anything, anywhere, any time, and get away with it? Said Black firmly: "My view is, without deviation, without exception, without any ifs, buts or whereases, that freedom of speech means that you shall not do something to people either for the views they have or the views they express or the words they speak or write."

With this startling pronouncement, 76-year-old Hugo Black revived a legal argument that is as old as the Constitution itself. Does the Bill of Rights grant an absolute and inalienable freedom of speech and press, or may such rights be restricted for the common good? For

nearly 150 years—from 1798, when the short-lived Alien and Sedition Acts[®] were added to the federal statutes, until 1917, when the wartime Espionage Act prohibited statements that might aid the enemy—Congress enacted no laws at all directly abridging the citizen's right to speak and print whatever he chose. But no one proposed that the Bill of Rights, which was attached to the Constitution in 1791, nullified the more venerable laws governing libel and slander, which were part of the nation's inheritance from England. Time and again, the U.S. Supreme Court has sustained the view that an individual's right to speak and print freely must give way to the Government's right of self-preservation and to the individual's right to claim and collect damage from a slanderous or libelous attack.

Dubious Ground. From such decisions Hugo Black, an Alabama lawyer and U.S. Senator who in 1937 became Franklin D. Roosevelt's first appointee to the Supreme Court, has vigorously dissented. Justice Black argues that freedom of speech and the press "must be accorded to the ideas we hate, or sooner or later they will be denied to the ideas we cherish." But in extending protection last week to liars, libelers and slanderers, Justice Black found himself almost alone.

In the controversy that predictably followed publication of his remarks, few voices were raised in his defense. The New York Post, a self-anointed bastion of civil liberty, regrettably declined to "follow him on to this dubious high ground." Said the Post: "The Justice's position must surely seem fantastic. It would literally deprive both the highest and the lowest citizens of

The Acts empowered the President to export any alien deemed dangerous to the country and to punish journalists for printing anything detrimental to the national interest. A journalist, John Peter Zenger, was brought to trial under the Sedition Act, but a jury found him innocent by 1301 both laws had vanished from the federal statute book.

the right to serious recourse against reckless defamation. It would place in the hands of the press an almost unlimited power to destroy." My own view," said R. Newton Rooks, president of the Chicago Bar Association, "is that I would hope that the law would never fully support Black's view." In San Francisco, David E. Snodgrass, dean of the University of California's Hastings College of the Law, felt that "Black has gone off the deep end on this one."

Against such critics Justice Black preserved the traditional silence of the nation's loftiest bench. But few newspapers and magazines are likely to follow his lead and challenge the libel laws. The press is well aware that Justice Black's extreme position is—to put it in lower case—a minority opinion.

For Art's Sake

"What!" wailed Director Charles Gombault of Paris' *France-Soir*. "This is awful, I'm shattered for him."

The intellectual weekly *Nouveau Condé* was desolated: "The Atlantic Alliance is disintegrating."

At the Hotel George Cinq, at Moustache's fragrant bistro on the Left Bank, and at the Hotel Californian bar, Parisians and Americans alike were equally incredulous. New York *Herald Tribune* (and 130 other papers) Columnist Art Buchwald was going home soon. From 3,000 miles across the Atlantic, Columnist Drew Pearson told an inside-out story: *Tribune* Publisher John Hay Whitney, still smarting at the loss of Subscriber John F. Kennedy (TIME, June 8), planned to cock Buchwald like a cannon straight at the Administration. Pearson was wrong. "I made my decision to go to Washington before the White House canceled the subscriptions," said Buchwald. "In fact, I understood one of my duties was going to be to deliver the paper to the White House."

Buchwald's decision, in fact, was ratifi-



COLUMNISTS CROSBY & BUCHWALD
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filed on St. Patrick's Day on his 30th transatlantic air crossing. "I was huddled up front with the kids," recalled Buchwald's wife Ann. "Dawn was coming up. Art stood over me. He looked grubby. He'd lost \$100 playing gin rummy with a stranger—a stranger to me anyway. 'You know,' he said. 'I'm thinking about going back. How would you like it?' I said I thought it'd be marvelous. I was thinking about the new curtains I was going to have to buy for the apartment in Paris. I was wondering if they'd painted the bathroom while we were gone. They'd been promising it for seven years and never had."

Too Many Humorists. "Well, it was my idea to go to Washington," said Art. "I'd been here in Paris 14 years, and I figured I needed a change of scenery. I went home on a lecture tour, and I suddenly realized that the United States to me was just a new country. So I decided then to go back for two years, a sort of reverse Fulbright. And I decided to live in Washington because I don't like New York. A lot of people are afraid that I'm going to become very serious when I go to Washington, and it's true. I think there's far too much humor being written out of Washington now. David Lawrence and quite a few guys are writing humor.

I think it's the duty of every columnist who lives in Washington to tell the President how to run the country, and it's my intention to tell the President how to run the country, tell Rusk how to run the State Department, tell Freeman how to run the Department of Agriculture, and Bobby Kennedy to—you know how to get the steel guys. Since I've been writing about quaint people in Europe now it's my turn to write about quaint people in the United States.

"When I was last home I discovered that the executive secretary was taking over America, and that there were no bosses any more. The executive secretary was in charge of everything. She's the one who decided who saw the boss, how many minutes they talked. The bosses all live in fear of the secretary. She is the power behind politics, business, everything, and depending on how she feels that's the way the country goes."

Not Enough Hands. "Another thing I discovered was that everything was automation now. You never saw any human beings any more. It's sort of discouraging, because I remember even in the Automat, when I was a kid, you at least saw a human hand come out once in a while. But you don't even see a human hand any more. And I'm more interested in things like that than in politics.

Buchwald's replacement in Europe will be *Trib* Columnist John Crosby, 50, who switched in 1960 to writing about cosmic affairs after 14 years of criticizing radio and TV, but has lately begun to feel rather uncomfortable on cloud nine. Said the *Trib*'s new Paris-based columnist: "I've lived in New York for 25 years. It doesn't stir me any more. I go to work and stare out the window. Not an idea in my skull."

Touch & Sound

The nation's 400,000 blind can escape their dark prison only through touch and sound. This week, to charter subscribers went copies of a new quarterly that seeks to guide its blind readers through touch into their favorite corner of the world of sound. Its name: *Overtones*. Its subject: music.

Overtones joins the list of publications for the 160,000 blind who have learned to read by the Braille system of raised dots. It is aimed exclusively at the blind person's understandable love of music. In its eleven articles—reprinted free from



"OVERTONES" MULLER
At fingertip a new world.

such publications as the *New York Times*, *Musical America* and *TIME*. *Overtones* advises readers on tape recorders, introduces them to Bruno Walter and Leontyne Price, tells them about new records.

The quarterly is the inspiration of George Bennette, whose sightlessness has not affected his career as a concert pianist. Only eight months ago, Bennette, who is also head of the New York Association for the Blind's Lighthouse Music School proposed his idea to a fellow pianist and teacher at the Lighthouse, Edward Muller, 31. After Bennette found a benefactress, he and Muller were in business.

Although subscribers are charged \$2 a year, *Overtones* will remain largely a labor of love. Except for Editor Muller, who is paid \$100 a month, it has no staff proofreaders, secretaries and others at the Lighthouse's Braille press have simply taken on the added duty of producing *Overtones* four times a year. Rock-bottom cost per year is \$2,500—and, as circulation grows, so will the deficit. But Editor Muller is counting on other gifts to keep *Overtones* going. "You have no idea," says he, "what this sort of thing means to a blind person."

© There are 72 Braille magazines (total circulation 91,045), including a special edition in the *Reader's Digest* sent free to 3,800 people.

Will Rogers: One of the most beloved personalities of his time — indeed of any time.



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NEW ENGLAND LIFE

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SHOW BUSINESS

STARS

Carol the Clown

The biggest yuk to hit television since Sid Caesar's salad wilted is a Goofy-Cousin-Clark sort of a girl with a grin full of teeth, a manner both tentative and brash, and a talent that comes bubbling up every time she opens her big mouth, shakes a leg, or crosses an eye. Carol Burnett, 29, who last week shared the podium with Julie Andrews in a TV special called *Julie and Carol at Carnegie Hall*, has a warmth that neither coaxial cable nor gloom of darkened living room can dim. She is even funny away from the camera, despite her demurral: "I'm never on when I'm off."

The Dulles Girl. Carol has been a regular on *The Garry Moore Show* for the past three years, a fact that has made

and emerges as the girl next door, only vastly more amusing. In 1952, she was industriously studying journalism at U.C.L.A.: "I wanted to be Brenda Starr" when as part of a course in playwriting she was required to take part in a college show. She went on, got a houseful of laughs then and there decided to switch her major. Says Carol: "It's kind of like dope. You get hooked."

She headed for Manhattan, where her first role was as a hatchet girl at a sort of "Dolly Dainty" restaurant near Rockefeller Center. Two years of jobs at stage-our-own-original-reviews-every-week-type summer resorts, minor TV work, and a burgeoning acquaintance with the city's unemployment compensation officials, brought her a booking at Manhattan's Blue Angel, a smoky launching pad for talent that holds a star-making record



BURNETT & ANDREWS AT CARNEGIE
Funnier than the girl next door.

Tuesday nights more than ordinarily bearable in the Wasteland. Last week's special was Burnett at her manic best. Instead of ending up as a homemade foil for the urbane Andrews charms, she came near to clomping away with the whole show. As an exhausted member of the "Nausev Dancers," she fairly hoofed her dirndl off in a parody on visiting Russian dance companies set to a Volga-sized score from *Annie Get Your Gun*. Even in a too-predictable "cavalcade of U.S. musical comedy" medley with Julie Andrews—a Merman-Martin act, complete with audience applause to greet every familiar tune—Carol's mugging saved the clichés from being too cloying. While Julie sang dramatically: "You've been in love, or so you said, you should know better . . ." Carol, suddenly smitten with guilt, put bent fingers in mouth and averted her head in a hilarious oh-God-you're-so-right gesture.

Burnett blends pure waffles-and-syrup Americana with a tomboyish hoydenism

no other nightclub can equal. Says Carol: "I wanted to open with something different from the usual 'Hello. Everybody kind of song—something that would cut through the smoke and the conversation and catch 'em by the ears.' So she came out singing *I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles*.

Becoming known as "the girl who sings the song about John Foster Dulles," Carol landed the lead role in *Once Upon a Mattress*. The show and Carol (as Wimpy, the Pea Princess) were hits. In the middle of *Mattress'* long run, Carol was signed on as a regular with *The Garry Moore Show*. It meant rehearsing the television show during the day every day doing the Broadway show every night plus matinees on Wednesday and Saturday day. Carol, who is normally a slim 121 lbs. (4 ft. 7 in.), dwindled to 106 recalls: "I looked like John Carradine in drag."

Curlers & Pratfalls. Married to a college friend, Don Saroyan ("Any kin? Maybe—I suppose all Armenians are re-

lated somehow"), she and her husband were separated 2½ years ago, plan a divorce this summer. Carol was surprised when gossip columnists paired her off with Dick (Dr. Kildare) Chamberlain, whom she barely knows. ("When I met him I had my hair in curlers and looked like I was trying to tune in Mars. I think I scared him. But I like him; he's so squeaky clean.")

Now confident enough to strike out on her own, Carol leaves the warm and woolly *Garry Moore Show* next week; next year she will make guest appearances, has decided not to push on to a TV show of her own. She has had movie offers, has declined them so far because "I know I'd end up playing Binkie, the heroine's best friend." Another possibility is the lead in the *Jule Styne-Jerome Robbins* musical about Fanny Brice next fall. Definitely on the books are an appearance at The Sands in Las Vegas this summer and an early-autumn engagement at Manhattan's prestigious Persian Room. But as for serious "dray-mah," she does not want to pratfall into the trap of so many funny folk who long to play tragedy: "I would miss the laughs. And probably if I did something serious, I'd get them."

HOLLYWOOD Monroe Doctrine

Vastly overpriced, Hollywood's big stars have long been past due for a rolling readjustment of their price-earnings ratios. Elizabeth Taylor will stuff more than \$1,300,000 into her cleavage for *Cleopatra*—one of the highest fees ever paid for a professional woman. Marlon Brando is getting more than \$1,000,000 for *Mutiny on the Bounty*. And Cary Grant, who could probably buy Scotland if he cared to, took 75% of the profits of *Operation Petticoat*. Profits to date: \$2,000,000.

But stars' fees are only the beginning. Film companies start out to make a picture for, say, \$6,000,000, like *Mutiny on the Bounty*, and it ends up costing about \$20 million. Maudling Marlon had much to do with that, just as Elizabeth Taylor shot the budget of *Cleopatra* into the stratosphere. Star salaries, demands and delays put too much economic weight on the top of a motion picture. The employees have been ruining the business.

Last week the vastly overblown sway of the great stars seemed to have been dealt a strong but reasonable blow. Hurting after blowing \$10 million on *Cleopatra* in Rome, 20th Century-Fox was in no mood to put up with fresh indignities in Hollywood. First, they fired Marilyn Monroe for her spectacular absenteeism from *Something's Got to Give*, and replaced her with Lee Remick. But then the studio had to contend with Co-Star Dean Martin (salary: \$100,000), who refused the substitution. O.K., said Fox: no public apology, no Marilyn. But predicted one studio executive at week's end with more than \$2,000,000 already spent, "I think they'll have to make the picture. Actress Remick, merely for signing on, will get \$80,000 anyway."



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The Olin logo consists of a red circle containing a white five-pointed star, followed by the word "olin" in a bold, lowercase, sans-serif font.



He gave us freedom to learn...



IT USED TO BE that only the sons of rich men went to college. And it might still be that way if it weren't for the son of a hard-handed, plain-talking blacksmith from Vermont, a man named Justin Smith Morrill.

He was born with a gnawing hunger to learn. But his father was too poor to send his son to college. And that was something Morrill never forgot.

He educated himself as best he could. He borrowed books. In a bustling country store he learned the principles of sound business management and the hard facts of basic economy. And he learned to stand on his own two feet and speak out for the things he believed in.

When the people of Vermont sent him to Washington to represent them in Congress, Morrill soon discovered there were other men who felt as he did that education should be an opportunity open to all. They had an idea, and the idea was this: each state should be given so much

government land. The land should be sold. The money should be used to set up colleges where young men and women, rich or poor, could satisfy their hunger to learn . . . not just history and Latin, important as they are, but the practical kinds of things that make a country flourish. Such as how to get the most from this good American soil. And how to bridge a river or dig a canal. Few men ever worked harder for an idea, or argued more eloquently in its behalf. For five long years he pleaded and persuaded, until, just a hundred years ago,

Abraham Lincoln himself signed a paper that made that idea a law. We call it the Land-Grant College Act.

Today there are 68 Land-Grant Colleges and State Universities which are the fruit of Morrill's efforts. Each year they enable thousands of young Americans to gain the useful knowledge that was once beyond the reach of a poor blacksmith's son named Justin Morrill.

John Hancock
100 YEARS

MEDICINE

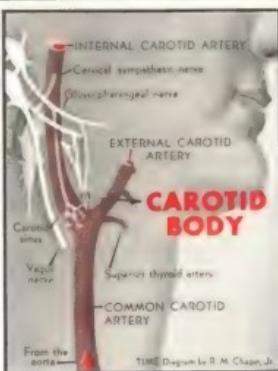
Surgery for Asthma

Doctors have devised almost as many treatments for asthma as there are contributory causes. Victims are desensitized, kept away from substances to which they are allergic, advised to try a change of climate. They get drug treatment for infections, psychiatry for their emotional problems, a variety of hormones to make up deficiencies, and some have undergone nerve-cutting operations to tone down their breathing reflexes. With all this, Boston's Dr. Richard H. Overholt found that too many of his patients got little benefit and still suffered from the "tyranny and cruelty" of asthma. Now, in the A.M.A. *Journal*, he reports encouraging results after all else had failed, from a relatively simple operation on a tiny, little understood organ.

Blocked Out by War. Although the operation was developed in Japan 20 years ago, Dr. Overholt, whose Overholt Thoracic Clinic is one of the world's most distinguished centers for treatment of chest diseases, heard of the technique only in 1957. Then, a visiting Japanese physician described work done by Professor Komei Nakayama of Chiba University during World War II's blackout on international reporting of scientific advances. A huskily built, aggressive and imaginative surgeon, Dr. Nakayama reasoned that earlier operations on asthma patients had been based on mistaken theories of how human nerve networks function. He concluded that a minute organ buried in the fork of an artery in the neck, and no bigger than a grain of rice, is an important element in breathing control. Discovered in 1743, it is called the carotid body, or *glomus caroticum**; there is one on each side of the neck.

The carotid body, Dr. Nakayama's research indicated, is not only a junction point for many nerves (see diagram), but, by its responses to minute changes in the composition of the blood, it does much to regulate breathing. Most notably, an increase in the blood's carbon dioxide content sets off a carotid body reaction that can bring on a choking attack of asthma by causing fast, shallow breathing in lungs unable to handle the added load. To suppress these excessive reactions, Dr. Nakayama wondered, why not cut out one or both carotid bodies?

After tests on animals, Dr. Nakayama tried taking carotid bodies from his patients. They needed only a local anesthetic, though to get at the *glomus*, he had to sever one of the thyroid arteries. He cut the carotid body's own little artery, snipped the stalk by which it is attached (actually a bunch of nerves), and removed it. In seven years of wholesale



surgery, Dr. Nakayama operated on almost 4,000 asthmatics, now reports that 81% had good results for at least six months, 58% for five years, while 16% have had no more attacks at all. Several Japanese surgeons have studied Dr. Nakayama's technique and are now using it.

Instant Benefit. Dr. Overholt has done the Nakayama operation on 160 patients since May of 1958. Only in three cases has he felt it necessary to remove both carotid bodies. That the *glomus* is a respiratory control center is suggested by the fact that some patients feel relief the instant the body is removed, or even earlier, when it is inactivated by an injection of procaine (*Novocain*). More than 75% of all patients get some relief, reports Dr. Overholt; and in 50% or more, the relief is significant and sometimes

dramatic. All his patients have been asthmatics for whom no other treatment, from portable respirators to electric shock, was effective. Most important, whereas previous nerve surgery for asthma sometimes disturbed the blood pressure or heart rate, no ill effects have yet been detected from removal of a carotid body.

Music in the Womb

At London's University College Hospital, Obstetrician C. N. Smyth and Audiologist K. P. Murphy were trying to find out why some babies are born deaf. To their surprise, they discovered that even while normal babies are still in the womb they can not only hear musical tones, but usually respond to them by speeding up their heartbeat. The phenomenon may be observed as long as three months before the baby is due.

In their research, the British researchers report in the *Lancet*, they generated musical tones of 500 cycles per second (about an octave above middle C) and 4,000 cycles and transmitted them through the abdominal wall of the mother-to-be with an instrument like a telephone receiver. It made no difference whether the mother could hear the tones or not (the investigators tried it both ways). In tests of 290 women, 215 unborn babies responded to the 300-c.p.s. tone with an accelerated heart rate, but only 60 reacted to the screeching tone three octaves higher.

Knowledge that babies can hear in the womb is no mere scientific oddity, says Dr. Smyth: testing the fetus' response to sound enables the obstetrician to judge its health. In the series tested, two babies reacted normally at 30 weeks but failed at 34 weeks. Both were stillborn to diabetic mothers. Presumably, they could have been saved by Caesarean delivery if the change had been caught in time.



OBSTETRICIAN SMYTH TESTING UNBORN BABY'S REACTIONS
The low notes got the best beat.

ALAN CLIFTON

* *Glomus*. Latin for a skein, because it is a tangle of nerve fibers and small blood vessels plus *caroticum*, derived from the Greek for stupor, because pressure on the neck arteries will produce stupor.

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Valiant won the Society of Illustrators' 1962 Styling Award. See it at your dealer's—you'll understand why.



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Nobody ever said ho-hum to this one. In fact, *Cars* magazine rates it "Performance car of the year!" Another professional comment: "Strictly a high-performance piece of automobile."

Notice the bucket seats? They're standard in the convertible model (above), priced at \$3,268*.

One of the things the experts get excited about is the 361 cu. in. engine with 4 barrel carburetor. Another is the sure, steady handling of smooth Torsion-Aire Ride—still rated the finest in American cars.

We bet you'll fall for the two-tone all-vinyl upholstery and the aluminum console before you turn the key.

LANCER GT prices start at \$2,257*

This spirited 2-door hardtop costs a little more than other Lancers, and it's worth every penny.

The way these cars are fitted with pleated vinyl interior trim, leather-grained all-vinyl bucket

seats, padded dash and full carpeting, it's fun just sitting in them.

The big 170 cubic inch engine up front gives you the kind of power that costs you extra in many other compacts. It will clip along comfortably at turnpike speeds, but it uses gas sparingly, as a compact should.



CHRYSLER 300 prices start at \$3,323*

Rarely has a sports-luxury car offered more sporting blood and more lavish luxury than this one.

The 300 is a direct descendant of the big, powerful Chrysler series that holds an unequalled 7-year record for performance.

The convertible shown (\$3,883*) has genuine leather bucket seats. A broad, plush armrest in front folds back and makes room for a third seat.

Outside it looks as sleek as a cat—a big cat. And it's sure-footed like a cat. For though this is a *big* car, its Torsion-Aire Ride gives it the deft, quick handling and smooth road-hugging ride of a sports car.

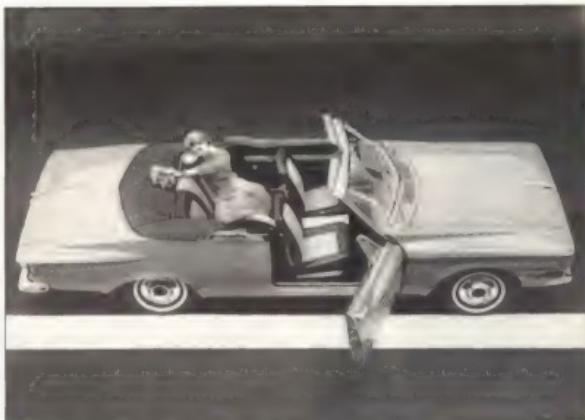


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EDUCATION

A Dean for Harvard

Pressed to name a replacement for Harvard Dean McGeorge Bundy, President Nathan Pusey promised to make the appointment "sometime this side of the indefinite future." The time came last week. Pusey named History Professor Franklin Lewis Ford, 41, to be Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, a job that Pusey himself has been doing—to a rising chorus of faculty criticism (TIME, May 25)—since Bundy went off to the New Frontier 18 months ago.

Ford is an appropriate successor to Bundy—young, bright, and equally adept at the conference table or the lecture platform. He is an able historian of Western Europe; his *Strasbourg in Transition, 1648-1789* won the Harvard University Press faculty prize in 1958. Ford has also been active on several key Harvard committees. He served on the faculty committee on educational policy, was chairman of the 1960 faculty committee studying the Harvard admission system, and has been a trustee of Radcliffe since 1960.

Like Bundy, Franklin Ford is a long-time Harvard man who did not go to Harvard. He got his B.A. from the University



PROFESSOR FORD
A replacement for Bundy.

of Minnesota, where his uncle, Guy Stanton Ford, was once president. After wartime service in the OSS, Ford went to Harvard for graduate work. Except for a year of teaching at Bennington and three years on research fellowships (including the past year at The Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford), he has been there ever since. In one relevant respect Ford is different from Bundy and two or three dozen other former Harvard facultymen: he seems to have no interest in going to Washington.

Lord of the Campus

Back in England last week after a year in the U.S., British Author William Golding recalled his interrogation by American college students. "The question most asked was, 'Is there any hope for humanity?' I very dutifully said 'yes,'" Golding's credentials for being asked such a monumental query—and for answering it—rest on one accomplishment: his *Lord of the Flies*, a grim parable that holds out precious little hope for humanity, and is the most influential novel among U.S. undergraduates since Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*.

When *Lord of the Flies* was first published in the U.S. in 1955, it sold only 2,383 copies, and quickly went out of print. But British enthusiasm for it has been gradually exported to Ivy League English departments, and demand for the book is now high. The paperback edition, published in 1959, has already sold more than 65,000 copies. At the Columbia University bookstore, it outsells Salinger.

Lord of the Flies is required reading at a hundred U.S. colleges, is on the list of suggested summer reading for freshmen entering colleges from Occidental to Williams. At Harvard it is recommended for a social-relations course on interpersonal behavior.

An M.I.T. minister uses it for a discussion group on original sin. At Yale and Princeton—where Salinger, like the three-button suit, has lost some of his mystique as he becomes adopted by the outlanders—the in-group popularity of Golding's book is creeping up. At Smith, where *Lord of the Flies* runs a close second in sales to Salinger's *Franny and Zooey*, 1,000 girls turned out for a lecture by Golding. The reception was the same at the thirty campuses Golding visited during his year as a rarely resident writer-in-residence at Virginia's Hollins College.

Creating Their Own Misery. The British schoolboys in *Lord of the Flies* are a few years younger than Salinger's Holden Caulfield—they are six to twelve—but they are not self-pitying innocents in a world made miserable by adults. They create their own world, their own misery. Deposited unharmed on a deserted coral island by a plane during an atomic war they form the responsible vacationland democracy that their heritage calls for and it gradually degenerates into anarchy, barbarism and murder. When adult rescue finally comes, they are a tribe of screaming painted savages hunting down their elected leader to tear him apart. The British naval officer who finds them says, "I should have thought that a pack of British boys would have been able to put up a better show than that." Then he goes back to his own war.

Says Golding: "The theme is an attempt to trace the defects of society back to the defects of human nature. Before the war, most Europeans believed that man could be perfected by perfecting his



AUTHOR GOLDFING
A challenge for Salinger.

society. We all saw a hell of a lot in the war that can't be accounted for except on the basis of original evil."

"**People I Knew in Camp.**" What accounts for the appeal? Part of it, of course, pure identification. A Harvard undergraduate says the book "rounds up all the people I knew in camp when I was a counselor." On another level, Golding believes students "seem to have it in for the whole world of organization. They're very cynical. And here was someone who was not making excuses for society. It was new to find someone who believes in original sin." The prickly belief in original sin is not Golding's only unfashionable stance. Under questioning by undergraduates he cheerfully admitted he has read "absolutely no Freud" (he prefers Greek plays in the original) and said there are no girls on the island because he does not believe that "sex has anything to do with humanity at this level."

At 51 bearded scholarly William Golding claims to have been writing for 14 years—through childhood in Cornwall, Oxford, wartime duty as a naval officer, and 10 years as a schoolmaster. Golding claims to be an optimist—emotionally if not intellectually—and has a humor that belies the gloomy themes of his allegories. One critical appraisal of *Lord of the Flies* that impressed him came from an English schoolboy who went to an island near Puerto Rico last year to make a movie based on the book. Wrote the little boy from the idyllic island, surrounded by his happy peers and pampered by his producer: "I think *Lord of the Flies* stinks. I can't imagine what I'm doing on this filthy island and it's all your fault." In Golding's view a perfectly cast savage.

Kudos (Cont'd)

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Sir Alec Guinness, actor . . . D.F.A.

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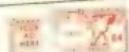
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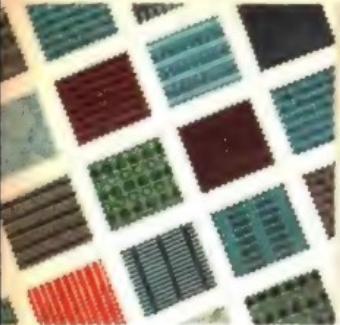
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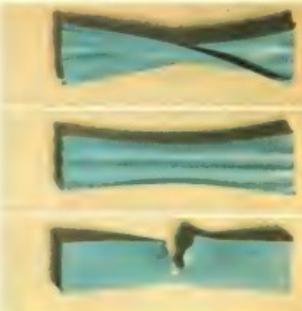
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How to Put More

In all the postwar years, there has never been such a wide gulf between the "objective" indicators of the U.S. economy and people's feelings about the economy. Most indicators are running very strong—total retail sales (highest ever); auto sales (best since 1955); house-building starts (highest in three years); industrial production (highest ever); etc. In the face of all these fine statistics, Wall Street has taken its most concentrated pasting since 1929.

The stock market has some power to make its own forebodings come true. Investors who have taken a licking may begin to cut down on spending, and corporations may retrench on expansion plans. Are we seeing the first stages of the Panic of '62?

LIFE does not think so. But the U.S. economy, along with all its great strengths, has accumulated a heavy burden of waste, distortion and muddle. Better business management can help correct this condition. Better public policy—which is up to U.S. voters and their government—can do still more.

About five years ago, a fundamental economic change set in. Supply, broadly speaking, caught up with demand. The "postwar inflation" was over.

By many measurements, the U.S. economy has adjusted well to this new era. Wholesale prices have held virtually stable; consumer prices have risen about 7.5%. Even after absorbing a population increase equal to Texas and Oregon in these five years, Americans have improved their standard of living, which is what the economy is all about.

What has been missing is the final degree of dynamism that puts all the country's resources to work.

We have been slowed by two recessions, a sharp one in 1957-58, followed too soon by the mild one of 1960-61. At no time during these past five years has the economy been operating full blast. And now the Kennedy-Steel blowup and Wall Street's "confidence crisis" have raised the possibility that another business recovery may fail to carry all the way.

This puts John F. Kennedy in quite a bind. In looking for ways out, he has begun to appeal for a new kind of economic thinking. Most of our economic problems, he says, "are technical problems . . . administrative problems . . . which do not lend themselves to the great sort of passionate movements which have stirred this country so often in the past."

Alas, the most important of our economic problems are *not* "technical" or "administrative." If that was all there was to it they could have been cleaned up long ago. They are problems that go to the heart of U.S. political philosophy, and this is precisely why they do stir passionate argument. To deal with them will take courage, a keen sense of justice and broad economic wisdom.

Here, in LIFE's judgment, are four such issues:

- Let the federal government face up honestly to the fact that "free collective bargaining" is impossible when one party comes to the table with monopoly powers. Labor union membership should be voluntary and unions should be brought under the antitrust laws. If truly free collective bargaining prevailed, the mobility of labor would be increased; featherbedding would be reduced; productivity would be improved; and real wages would generally advance with productivity, as they did in the U.S. even before unions.

Zing into the Economy

Today the President is stuck with his murky "guidelines" to "the national interest" and neither he, nor business, nor labor quite knows what this means or who may now do what. The real national interest in collective bargaining is that unions and management should each pursue *their* interest as best they understand it in the light of market conditions.

► The President has been hinting at some connection between the lively growth rates of the Common Market countries and the fact, as one of his advisers puts it, that those countries have "a less Puritanical attitude" about budget-balancing than the U.S. does. Well, we talk a good Puritan line in the U.S., but the federal budget has been in balance only six times in the last 30 years. Even Ike could manage only three surpluses in eight tries. Given the free-spending urges of a Democratic administration, the only way to come within \$5 billion of balance is for all hands to swear they are shooting for a surplus. (The deficit for Kennedy's first full fiscal year, ending June 30, will be about \$7 billion.)

A sizable budget deficit can be a valuable stimulant to the economy in a real recession. If it happens every year it just becomes a chronic sloppiness. It would be an especially dangerous sloppiness for the U.S. to fall into at a time when the dollar is under pressure and we continue to lose gold.

► The most offensive single item in the 1962 budget is the \$2.9 billion for farm price supports and storage. The Administration's new farm plan has a certain blackjack honesty about it. If farmers will accept stringent acreage controls they would continue to be guaranteed artificially high prices. This probably

would reduce surpluses. It would also make basic-crop agriculture a full federal ward, a cartel isolated from the play of the market. Congress should throw out the Freeman plan and start agriculture (in stages) toward lower price supports and wider freedom. For the battered "confidence factor," this would be a dramatic signal that the U.S. government believes in—and understands—the U.S. economic system.

► Kennedy, to his credit, has talked of comprehensive tax reform in 1963. If he wanted to give the economy a real shot in the arm today, he could announce tax reform is the first order of domestic business in his administration (the drafting of a new tax code will take months), and he could offer a broad outline of the reforms he has in mind. These should include a broadening of the tax base, a lowering of income tax rates, corporate and individual, and the cleaning up of a whole clutter of deductions, special treatments and loopholes. Our weird tax structure distorts personal and corporate decisions, inhibits incentive and is a drag on investment. The opening of a grand attack on the whole tax mess would be just about the best economic news that anybody could hear.

All four of these problems do indeed have their "technical" aspects, but what they most urgently cry for is an assertion of broad principle. The principle, in brief, is that the American economy grows best in freedom. We don't pretend to know what a convincing affirmation of that principle would do for the Dow-Jones Average just now. But it would do a lot for the long-term future of the U.S. economy, and in time the stock market would get the word.

This editorial appeared (in somewhat longer form) in LIFE June 8. It is reprinted because we still think it good advice to a properly worried Administration.





GENERAL WASHINGTON & PAINTER KATZ CROSSING DELAWARE
What tomfoolery is that?

Cutout Cutups

WASHINGTON: General Cornwallis, you cannot stay here in the trials of Alpine, N.J. The American army will drive you away and away! Americans shall be masters of the American Continent.

CORNWALLIS: What tomfoolery is that you speak, George Washington?

With this bit of dialogue, Poet Kenneth Koch begins a beatnik playlet, which was produced off Broadway last March, on how the American Revolution was won. Last week, posted in large letters on one wall of Manhattan's Martha Jackson Gallery, the script served to accompany one of the nuttier art exhibitions of the season. Throughout the gallery stand nearly life-size wooden cutouts of Washington and his horse, Washington and the cherry tree, Washington crossing the Delaware.

They are the work of Alex Katz, a young man who in the last three years has achieved quite a reputation as a figure painter. These cutouts, which were the stage sets for Koch's play, are a side line for Katz—huge toy soldiers—a kind of instant folk art, that would be fine if everyone concerned did not insist on taking them seriously. "I like to mix what people and experts say can't be mixed," says Katz. "I like to take a vulgar social thing or idea like these cutouts and give them something else, make them less boring."

Katz's Washington is much like what any normally talented youngster might produce if asked to paint the father of his country. To set the stage for the Washington-Cornwallis dialogue, Katz made two cutout cups and saucers to sit alongside a real china coffee pot. When the dialogue is over, Washington returns to his own camp, organizes a raid on the enemy, then takes a nap and dreams of the time his father gave him an uprooted cherry tree

for his birthday. The action here is illustrated by a cherry tree, a birthday cake a shovel, an ax, and a sign saying, THE DREAM OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. In the Koch-Katz version, Father Washington persuades his son to accept the dirty old tree. He plants it for the boy only to have little George chop it down and run away. But how does George make his escape? By swimming a river, of course. And that gives the grown-up general the idea for crossing the Delaware.

The Koch play, in its crazy way, is a good deal of fun; and so are the cutouts. Unhappily, the Manhattan avant-garde has a tedious tendency to flip over this sort of thing. The gallery press release solemnly says "There is a directness about these works that goes straight to the heart of its subjects. The statement is at once simple and sophisticated, playful and elegant." And that just makes the release funnier than the show.

Just to Look At

The royal visitor, the King of Bulgaria was impressed with many things he saw in St. Petersburg, but what impressed him most was the man named Carl Fabergé. "My dear Fabergé," said King Ferdinand, "if you were in Bulgaria, I would make you my minister." To which the famous court jeweler replied, "No, no, your majesty, not politics, I beg of you. But minister of the goldsmith's art, why yes, sire, if you will it."

Carl Fabergé (a Russian subject who owed his name to French descent) had every right to the title, as most of Europe and much of the rest of the world knew five or six decades ago. Though officially he was jeweler to czars and czarinas, his reputation does not rest on what he made that was intended for personal adornment, but rather on objects of fantasy whose

purpose was to delight the eye (*see color*). No grand ducal wedding was complete without a gift made by Fabergé. When he opened a branch in London, the entire court of Edward VII was soon in a dither. At one time he had 700 men working for him, but almost every piece bore his personal touch—an intuitive mastery that used the most gaudy and expensive materials in the world and turned them into meticulous little masterpieces.

Eggs with Hens Inside. He produced everything from an image of Buddha in nephrite (a form of jade) for the King of Siam to many of the great gold and silver plates on which the major towns of Russia offered their symbolic tribute of bread and salt to the Czar. But his major works were small and intimate. One day, Czar Alexander III asked him to do something special as an Easter present for the Czarsina. Fabergé produced an enameled egg so pleasing that giving jeweled eggs became an Easter custom in the royal family. Each of the eggs held some surprise inside—other eggs, or perhaps a hen, or a miniature of the czarevitch. Even when Czar Nicholas II was at the front in 1916 fighting the Germans, he took time out to telegraph instructions for what turned out to be the last eggs the imperial family ever received.

One customer of the Fabergé establishment in London was the former Empress Eugénie of France, who spent most of her time lamenting the loss of her empire ("I told you I died in 1870") and the loss of her youth ("I'm just a fluttering old bat"). Edward VII constantly demanded new surprises, exclaiming gruffly "We must have no duplicates!" In a single day, Fabergé's biographer H. C. Bainbridge remembers, the house of Fabergé played host to the King and Queen of Norway, the Kings of Denmark and Greece, and Alexandra, Edward's consort.

Miniatute Monuments. Fabergé was not so much the originator of new techniques as the reviver of old ones that had been neglected. The exhibition of his work on view at Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art shows both his delicacy and his range. He had complete mastery over stones like chalcedony and rhodonite, and no one has excelled him in his ability to give subtle shadings to his metals or luster to his enamels. The imperial presentation box with the portrait of Nicholas II has both red and green gold; the translucent enamels used for the tiny writing tablet are yellow and tawny while the opaque enamels are orange and green.

In the days of the czars, one did not offend the great, and however insatiable their demand for new riches and surprises, Fabergé managed to satisfy. The result is a breathtaking array of card and cigarette boxes, parasol handles, tiny figures, and animals, bouquets, portraits, even miniature copies of great monuments. Few craftsmen have ever had to exercise such taste and tact, or to dig deeper into their imaginations for new ideas. And Edward VII need not have worried: for his royal patrons, Carl Fabergé turned out no duplicates.



FABERGÉ, turn-of-the-century jeweler best remembered as creator of bejeweled Easter eggs for Russian imperial family, also turned out endless varieties of other finely detailed miniatures now on display in Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Gold table shown

above stands only 1½ in. high. Knockknock below it—a copy of statue of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg—is tiny even in a world in which white enameled cigarette box at lower left seems large. Chair and portrait are typical Fabergé surprises from inside Easter eggs.

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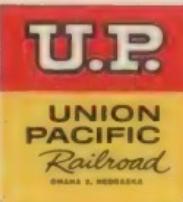


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RELIGION

The Black Bishops

In the slow chess match between the old and the new in Africa, white bishops are being replaced by black bishops. Last week the Most Rev. Robert Dosseh, 37, was made Roman Catholic Archbishop of Lomé in Togo. Ten days before, the Most Rev. Raymond Tchidimbo, 42, in a similar ceremony, was elevated to the see of Conakry in Guinea. Earlier, Hyacinthe Thiandoum, 41, became Archbishop of Dakar in Senegal and Luc Sangare, 36, was named to the diocese of Bamako in Mali. The four consecrations completed something of an ecclesiastical revolution for all four men are sons of West African tribes, and now black bishops preside over nine dioceses in West Africa.

Since five years ago, 13 West African countries have achieved independence. During the same period, the Christian churches, both Protestant and Catholic, have turned over more and more authority to native priests and ministers, thereby increasing immeasurably the chance of Christianity's survival in nations where too often it has been *Few*—a disparaging term, meaning European.

First brought to West Africa by the Portuguese explorers of the 15th century, Christianity penetrated the continent only during the heyday of 19th century colonization. Missionaries were eager to convert, but often reluctant to see their converts grow up to join the clergy. The first Senegalese priest was ordained in 1843—but in 1900 there were only ten native clerics in French West Africa.

Church expansion was often excessively cautious. One bishop allowed a missionary to build a school—but forbade him to make the foundation strong enough so a second floor might be added later. The priest disobeyed: the school he founded now has three stories and more than a thousand students. And it is thanks to its schools that Christianity has an influence in West Africa that far exceeds its numerical strength. Although about one-half of West Africans are pagans and only one in a dozen is a baptized Christian, nearly every West African leader, from Ghana's flamboyant Kwame Nkrumah to Félix Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast, studied at mission schools. Protestant and Catholic schools of West Africa today have more than 200,000 students—including most sons and daughters of the new nations' urban elite.

Exodus from Brooklyn

"It is said of a certain Talmudic master that the paths of heaven were as bright to him as the streets of his native town," wrote Martin Buber in *The Way of Man*. "Hasidism inverts the order: It is the greater thing if the streets of a man's native town are as bright to him as the paths of heaven." For nearly 40 years, the majority of Hasidic Jews in the U.S. have sought to make paths of heaven out

of the streets of a grimy corner of New York City: the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn.

Along Lee Avenue, sign after sign in Hebrew announces the purity of the kosher meats or the freedom from animal fats of baked goods. On the sidewalks young boys with shaven heads and long, curling sideburns are watched by women in high-necked, long-sleeved dresses and old men in untrimmed grey beards, broad-brimmed felt hats and ankle-length black coats. Now this colorful way of life is coming to an end, partly because of a disconcerting complication. New 22-story apartment buildings are replacing many of the tenements of Williamsburg, but the Hasidim cannot live in them: they are forbidden to ride elevators on the Sabbath.

Next month the best-known Hasidic



HASIDIC CHILDREN IN WILLIAMSBURG

For the strictest of Jews, ranch houses in the suburbs.



RABBI TEITELBAUM

community in Williamsburg, congregation Yetev Lev, headed by the famed, venerable (about 75) Satmar rabbi, Joel Teitelbaum, will begin building ranch-style and split-level houses on a 500-acre tract in Mount Olive Township, N.J. Besides the houses (average price: \$15,000), the congregation plans to build a *mikveh* (ritual bath), a shopping center, a matzoth bakery, a rabbinical seminary and a synagogue. A number of Hasidic Jews who operate garment factories in lower Manhattan plan to move them to a tract adjacent to their new homes. Ultimately the move to the suburbs may cost \$20 million.

The exodus to the New Jersey suburbs will be something new in the history of the Satmar congregation. The families are mostly Hungarian or Romanian by birth; the congregation gets its name from the Rumanian village of Satmar, where Rabbi Teitelbaum, a descendant of a long line of Hasidic teachers, taught until World War

II. The Satmar Jews are probably the strictest group in Orthodox Judaism. They will eat only kosher food that comes from their own stores. They refuse to watch television, will not ride in cars or use any mechanical device on the Sabbath, wear clothes that conform strictly to the rules of modesty laid down in the Old Testament. Williamsburg has other devout Jews, but the Satmar congregation proudly regards itself as the true voice of Hasidism—the mystical, lyrical interpretation of the Jewish faith that developed in the ghettos of eastern Europe during the 18th century.

Haven on Straight Street

"A priest who wants to break with the Roman Catholic Church is helpless," says the Rev. Herman Johannes Hegger, 46, a minister in the Calvinist Church of The Netherlands. "He needs somebody, just for the simple things in life, because he is actually left on the street without a

penny and without a decent suit." Hegger should know—he was once a Roman Catholic priest himself. This week, Hegger will open Europe's first organized haven for ex-priests: a 17-room house in the village of Veip, near Arnhem. To be known as the Wartburg, in memory of the castle where Martin Luther found refuge after his condemnation by the Diet of Worms in 1521, Hegger's haven will provide temporary shelter for clerics who have turned in their Roman collars.

The Wartburg will provide former priests with free food, clothing, lodging, and a quiet room for study. After six or eight weeks, Hegger will arrange for his clients to live with sympathetic Dutch families. Hegger believes that his own experience should help him guide others through their spiritual crisis, and as a Calvinist he hopes to convince them that his own church represents the answer to their spiritual needs. Only two kinds of ex-priests are barred from the



PASTOR HEGGER
Ex-priests find an open door.

Wartburg; converts to Communism, and clerics who are wanted by the police on criminal charges.

Doubts About Dogma. A seminary student from the age of twelve, Hegger was ordained as a priest in 1936. Even as a novice he had doubts about Catholicism's Marian dogmas and about papal infallibility; as a priest, he also came to question the validity of the Mass and confession. Sent to Brazil to teach philosophy, Hegger learned the tenets of Protestantism from a Methodist pastor in Rio; in July 1948 he formally left the church.

Returning to The Netherlands, Hegger studied at the Calvinist Free University in Amsterdam, incorporated a foundation for ex-priests called "On Straight Street,"¹⁰ began publishing a monthly magazine that now claims a circulation of 11,000. He married a woman he met a year after quitting the church, and began using their home as a temporary haven for ex-clergy.

The Age of Defection. Hegger argues that there is a real need for his unusual kind of ministry. Last year the Archdiocese of Utrecht admitted that 186 Dutch priests were living outside the church. Hegger says that in Italy and France 6,700 priests have fallen away from Catholicism since World War II. Spain now is beginning to produce a number of defectors. He believes that the difficulty of living under the priestly vow of celibacy is the major single spur for clerical defection of men around the age of 40, but doubts about Roman Catholic teaching are the usual general cause.

Hegger thinks that former Trappists,

who observe almost total silence, find it hardest to adjust to their new status as laymen. But all, as outlaws from their church, face a difficult future. They know little else but how to preach or say Mass; must learn to live with the emotional hostility many Christians feel toward someone who has forsaken a sacred calling. "They need help," Hegger says. "They are so much alone."

Theology's Underground

Heretics have always had a bad press. Their writings banned, their bodies burned at the stake and their souls consigned to the justice of God, the rebels of Christianity have usually been reported to history through the prejudiced accounts of their vigilant, orthodox suppressors. Historian Walter Nigg, a Swiss Reformed pastor and former professor at the University of Zurich, believes that heretics were not necessarily bad men, and their doctrines not necessarily perversions of God's truth. In *The Heretics* (Knopf; \$6.95), a vivid survey of the church's theological underground, he argues that Christianity owes much to its rebel sons, and has freely adapted ideas that first came to light in heretical guise.

The first recorded heretic, a converted Jew named Simon Magus, tried to convince St. Peter that Christ's message could be wedded to the wisdom of the Greeks. The idea was too radical for the early church, but a century or two later it was accepted by many quite orthodox Christian theologians. A 2nd century heretic named Marcion was the first Christian to make a compilation of authentic gospels and epistles into a single testament that excluded the many apocryphal writings about Christ. Marcion's version of the scriptural canon was rejected by the church, but he nonetheless deserves to be remembered as the founder of New Testament textual criticism.

Father of the Middle Ages. Probably no heretic had a more pervasive influence on the thinking of the church than the witty, 9th century Irish scholar-monk John Scotus Eriugena. "A humanist ahead of his time," as Nigg calls him, Eriugena taught at the short-lived but brilliant Palace Academy of France's King Charles the Bald, and developed a highly individual theology that often sounds like an amalgam of intellectual strains from the best current Protestant thinking. He thought of God as "overtuth" and "the overwisdom"—phrases that would not be out of place in the *Systematic Theology* of Paul Tillich.¹¹ In the manner of a Biblical demythologist like Rudolf Bultmann he regarded Adam as the idea of man rather than as a historical human being and interpreted the Last Judgment not as a physical return to earth by Christ but as each man's own inner examination of conscience.

Eriugena was judged a heretic by a

church synod in 855, and he was murdered. So legend has it, by a group of his outraged disciples, who stabbed him to death with knives and styluses in his church. His major works were formally condemned by Pope Honorius III in 1225. Yet as much as any man, Eriugena deserves to be called the father of the Middle Ages. Eriugena's own writing attempted to prove that there was an inner unity of true philosophy and true religion—the fundamental principle of medieval scholastic philosophy. "If we were to seek an image to describe this great man," writes Nigg, "we would have to call him the aurora borealis shining in the night of early medieval Christendom."

Arms, Not Argument. In dealing with its heretics, Nigg argues, the church too often substituted force of arms for force of argument. Perhaps the first theologian to defend strong-arm methods was St. Augustine. In one debate with some 5th century heretics, he lost his temper, abandoned his arguments from Scripture and announced the terrible principle: *Cogite intrare*—compel them to enter. It was a fateful surrender to weakness that later Christians found most useful. In the 13th century battle to stamp out the Cathars of southern France, the church could call on Augustine to justify the killing of heretics.

Historian Nigg points out that Protestants have no reason to gloat over the record of Roman Catholic intolerance. The Reformation brought freedom back to Christianity—but the Reformers seldom permitted this freedom to those who disagreed with them. Martin Luther argued that it was just for civil authorities to kill and exile the Anabaptists. Calvin actively worked for the condemnation and death of Michael Servetus, a brilliant Spanish physician whose denial of belief in the Trinity made him the first modern Unitarian. Both Catholics and Protestants must share the blame for what Nigg calls "one of the most shocking periods in the history of Christianity": the craze for burning that swept through Europe from the 15th through the 18th centuries.

Uncomprehended Heretics. Often the church acted rightly in condemning a heretical doctrine that would have undermined the entire structure of Christianity. But many of the early synods were conducted by theologians who could not have passed a freshman scriptural exam in one of today's divinity schools. Thus, Nigg suggests, it is possible that the theological view that prevailed to become orthodoxy was not necessarily the correct one. "The history of heresy," Nigg writes, "has shown that Christianity is richer in content than its ecclesiastical embodiment: the Gospel holds potentialities which have not yet come to the surface."

These unexplored potentialities of faith Nigg believes represent Christianity's hope for survival in the 20th century. Modern man has fled from the church to find joy in freedom, confidence in the powers of reason. Nigg believes that this latest heresy, rationalism, leads first to nihilism and despair, but ultimately to a new human encounter with spiritual realities, and therefore with God.

¹⁰ From *Art. 9*, which tells how the Christian disciple Ananias receives a vision from God to visit a house on Straight Street in Damascus; there he restores the sight of newly-converted St. Paul.

¹¹ Who next fall, after seven years at Harvard will move to the University of Chicago Divinity School to take up a chair endowed last week by the Chicago investment banking firm of John Nauvin & Co.

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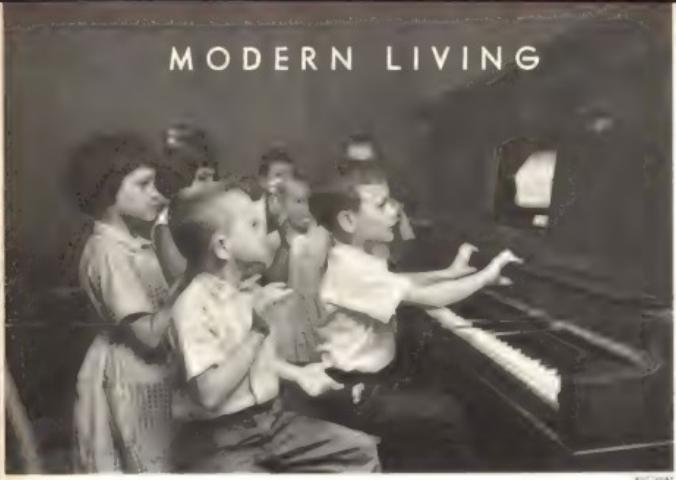
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MODERN LIVING



GARMAN'S & FRIENDS AT THE PIANOLA
Pretty Baby in the basement.

RECREATION

No Hands

Conductor Franz Waxman raised his baton, and the orchestra sailed into the opening bars of Stravinsky's piano concerto. Then he gave the nod for the first piano passage, and the piano came right in cue. The audience at last week's International Music Festival in Los Angeles did 2,000 double takes: though the piano bench was vacant, the music was coming out loud and clear.

The instrument was a player piano, and the unseen fingers that pounded the keys belonged, in a way to Stravinsky himself. The absent Igor had made a piano roll of the concerto's first movement in 1905, was in Europe at the time of this pianistic hanky-panky and missed hearing Stravinsky playing Stravinsky (*see MUSIC*).

Peppermint & Rolls. As the unmanned Steinway eerily picked its perfect way through the concertos, Los Angeles—thousands of other pianolas* were making rumpus rooms, rathskellers and taverns resound all over the U.S. Most of them—foot-pumped jobs with no concert-grand pretensions—were being played for the sheer rinky-tink fun of it by people who own either vintage instruments rescued from dusty oblivion or brand-new 1962 models, bought in a shiny showroom. The player piano is coming back into its own again to the tune of *Moon River* and *The Peppermint Twist*. And, once again, people are clustering around and singing the old favorites as the hyphenated lyrics ("Va-len-cia! In my dreams it always seems I hear you softly call to me . . .") roll past like a speech on a presidential TelePrompTer.

*Pianola" once a trademark of the Aeolian Co., long ago became a generic term for all player pianos. Has been revived again recently by Hardman, Peck Co.

Macy's in Manhattan carries a 2,000-roll library, sells about 200 rolls a week compared with ten rolls a week two years ago. Most of the rolls are old standards (*After the Ball, Ain't We Got Fun, The Old Rugged Cross*), but new numbers from Broadway musicals and the transistor hit parade are added each week. The source of Macy's supply is the Q.R.S. Co. in The Bronx. Lone survivor of the once more than 50 U.S. roll makers, Q.R.S. sees brighter days ahead. Its artist-in-residence J. Lawrence Cook turns out the rolls by playing on a special piano rigged to a device like an IBM machine, which punches the proper holes in a master roll. Then the master roll is placed on the production perforator, which can punch out more than 20 finished rolls at a time. A second manufacturer, Aeolian Music Rolls of Glendale Calif., joined the roll-making ranks 1½ years ago and is currently turning out 1,000 rolls a day. In Palisades Park N.J., ex-Tugboat Captain John Duffy, 39 who deals in both new and rebuilt player pianos, has seen his business grow from a kitchen-and-basement operation to a 14-man organization in four years. Duffy grossed \$20,000 in 1961 and expects to go to \$100,000 this year.

Shoulders & Shading. In cabarets and coffee houses across the land, pianolas are twanging away. Barney's Market Club in Chicago is typical. Says Co-Owner Harry Schwimmer: "When we have a banquet or a bachelor party, they don't play cards after dinner like they used to; they congregate around the piano, throw their arms around each other's shoulders, drink their beer, puff their cigars, and rip off the good old songs. But the pianola's biggest comeback is in the parlor. Many buyers are women who recall the pleasure of pumping one as a child and want to share the fun with their own kids. In suburban Elmhurst, Ill., Mrs. Janet Garman, a banker's wife and mother of four children,

recently bought a reconditioned player. Says she: "We just love it. Our seven-year-old twins bring in all their friends on weekends, and they sing away for hours. It's the funniest thing to wake up on a Saturday morning and hear these wee little voices coming from the basement singing *Pretty Baby*."

The idea for the player piano seems to have originated with a Frenchman named Fournous who patented a player operating on pneumatic principles in 1863. Through the years, they were modified and improved until—at the peak of their heyday around 1923 when 205,556 were sold in the U.S. alone—player pianos could not only play loud and soft by themselves but could reproduce every nuance of shading and expression of a Paderewski or a Gershwin (both of whom sat down at a special recording piano and cut rolls on the Duo-Art label).

The Hardman Peck Co., which makes most of today's new player pianos, no longer turns out electrically driven concert grands or giant uprights (people refuse to give them house space though their tone is beyond compare). They feature player spinets with foot pedals only, feel that pumping out the music is a genuine part of the nostalgia that is their stock in trade. Says one foot-pumping purist: "It gives you a sort of feeling of satisfaction . . . like natural childbirth."

CRIME

The Crushout

Technology marches on, even in gangland. The automobile made possible the invention of The Ride—in which the rider could be transported alive to a place convenient for his execution. But there was still the body and the wearisome investigation that it could bring. The next advance was the concrete block, in which the body could be encased then given the



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"THE CATHEDRAL of HATE..."



George Weller
Chicago Daily News

"Kazan Cathedral, Leningrad looks very much like St. Peter's in Rome. But its theology is that of non-God. Its 'missionaries' preach sermons-in-reverse. Its goal is to put Russia's remaining churches out of business."

"Kazan is the center of atheism in Russia," writes George Weller, Pulitzer-prize winning Daily News correspondent. He ought to know. He recently returned from an extensive trip through Russia, Siberia and Central Asia, where his reports brought readers clearer understanding of life in remote, seldom visited areas behind the iron curtain.

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deep six. It was still possible, though, to retrieve it, if some detective hit upon the right place to grapple.

New York mobsville, reported the New York *Daily News* last week, has solved this nagging problem of the corpus delicti. Solution: the hydraulic press, used in automobile junkyards to reduce dead jalopies to manageable cubes of crushed metal for shipment to steel mills to be melted down. Victims are taken for a ride in the good old-fashioned way. The car is then driven to a cooperating junkyard with the cadaver in its baggage compartment. A crane lifts the car into the steel-lined pit of the hydraulic press, where it takes just 90 seconds to reduce a 1962 Cadillac to a cube 36 in. high, 24 in. long and 24 in. wide. The result is then cleaned, coated with a metal preservative, and shipped off to the melting pot.

NEW PRODUCTS

Youth

Youngsters who got out of the stock market in time have some exciting new things to put their money into during the weeks ahead.

► Into a plastic tank the budding ichthyologist pours tepid tap water. Into the tap water he drops tiny fish eggs. Twenty minutes to two days later, pop! pop! pop!—instant fish, tastefully colored red, yellow, blue. They are an African variety, the eggs of which survive even when dried out during droughts, and hatch when the rains come. What do they eat? Instant shrimp, of course. Into a separate small tank in the aquarium goes salt water, and into the salt water goes a powder that turns into hundreds of tiny shrimps (a magnifying glass is included). By the time these are eaten up, the instant fish are ready for life in a bigger tank and a grown-up diet. The instant fish kit (\$2.98) is produced by Wham-O Mfg. Co.—the entrepreneurs of the Hula Hoop.

► A transistorized, portable directional listening device called the Big Ear will make little brother too Big Brother for \$18. "Pick up voices too distant for you to hear," coaxes the manufacturer, the Future Manufacturing Co. of St. Louis. "Aim it at a group of friends a block away, and hear every word." Also marketed by the friendly Future people: the Big Voice (\$12), a portable public-address system weighing only a pound, and the Big Blast (\$10), a portable bullhorn "ideal for playground, spectator sports, boating, or just plain everyday fun."

► "MAKE A MONSTER," rasps the copy for the latest assembly kit—a 10-in. Frankenstein's monster at 68¢. "Get Him Now Before He Gets You." The makers of the Frankenstein monster (and other movie monsters to come) include a pious aside to parents: "In the opinion of reputable authorities, [these models] actually perform a valuable service for the child." When "certain fantasies" center about such a model, instead of being "improperly focused," they are released "in the manner of steam escaping through the safety valve on a radiator."



Artist's rendering of hydrant fueling system at work at O'Hare International Airport

How to keep a Jet from getting indigestion

Force-feeding 600 gallons of fuel per minute into a commercial jetliner could cause a pipe-shattering "burp" of back pressure when the tanks become full. To rule out this danger, A. O. Smith developed a unique pressure-sensing hydrant valve (shown in foreground) which reacts instantly to slow the flow. Other A. O. Smith valves and meters on the fueling cart near the aircraft wing direct the flow of fuel and automatically record the number of gallons used. This fueling system is typical of A. O. Smith liquid handling systems at work throughout the petroleum industry. For further information on this "systematic" approach to flow control problems, write A. O. Smith, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

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SPORT

The Base Thief

The ball game was in the 13th inning, and the Los Angeles Dodgers were still locked tight in a 3-3 tie with the Houston Colts. In the Dodger dugout, Manager Walt Alston issued crisp orders to his lead-off batter, Shortstop Maurice Morris: Wills—"If you get on, run."

Wills needed no urging. Drawing a walk, he streaked for second on the first pitch, skidded in safety on his belly a split second before the Colt catcher's throw. Three pitches later, he stole third as well, this time piling in under the bag with a neat hook slide. The rest was easy. A Dodger batsman lifted a pop fly to short centerfield, and Wills came scooting home—again beating the throw—with the run that not only won the game, but for the first time this year put the Dodgers alone at the top of the National League.

In the era of the home run, Maury Wills is a refreshing throwback to an older, and in some ways more exciting time when ball games were won or lost by speed on the bases. In 1915 the late great Ty Cobb set the major league season record by stealing 66 bases for Detroit, and legend has it that "the Georgia Peach" filed a knife-edge on his steel spikes to enforce his belief that "the base paths belong to the runner." The 29-year-old Wills has the same determined speed—if not the same temperament. With more than half of the season to go, he already has 34 stolen bases to his credit, seems certain to top the record for active players of 56 steals, set in 1950 by Chicago's Luis Aparicio. So swift and so canny is Wills that he has been caught trying to steal only five times this year, and the experts give him a chance to top even Cobb's record. Says Alston: "He's the greatest base stealer I've seen in the majors."

Green Light for Go. The son of a Washington, D.C., Baptist preacher, Wills spent nine years rattling around the Dodger farm system before the parent team brought him up to stay in 1959. Though he was a good fielder and had a fair batting eye, he was no long-ball hitter. It took him the better part of three seasons and 1,675 times at bat to hit his first major league home run. But in 1960,

his first full year in the majors, Wills stole so many bases (50) that the Dodgers' front office presented him with the second-base sack from their home park. The performance put him far ahead of such former Dodger stars as Pee Wee Reese (30 bases in 1952) and Jackie Robinson (37 bases in 1949). Last year Manager Alston held Wills back by letting him run only on signals—Wills still stole 35 bases to lead the league. This year, says Wills, "I have the green light to run when I please." And with a respectable .269 batting average (.74 hits, all but eleven of them singles), the light goes on.

Speed is only part of it. More important is the jump he gets by knowing precisely when to take off—at the instant the pitcher decides to throw to the plate. Most pitchers betray their decision by a subtle shift of their shoulders, a jerk of the head, or some other quirk. Wills knows, for example, that one Houston pitcher leans ever so slightly toward the plate just before he goes for the batter. "From the time he starts to lean to the time he goes into his delivery," says Wills, "I've taken two extra steps." He wastes no time trying to taunt a pitcher—"I don't wanna be a jumpin' jack. If I rile those pitchers, they'll be more anxious to get me than the batter." Even so, says Dodger Vice President Fresco Thompson, Wills's mere presence on base "can raise the batting average of the man behind him in the line-up by 20 or 30 points."

Explosion of Dust. It can also be considerably disconcerting to opposing infielders. Some runners start their slide halfway down the base path, thus presenting a good target for the tag. Not Wills. "I wait until the last minute, when I'm about five feet away," he says, and when he barrels into the base in an explosion of dust, no one knows which hand or elusive toe will reach out to nick the bag. Yet he gets in for none of the spikes-high, chop-up-the-haseman kind of slide that marked Ty Cobb's style (Cobb once received 13 threatening letters from angry fans after slashing Philadelphia's famed "Home Run" Baker). In his major league career, the mild-mannered Wills has never hurt an opposing player.

Wills's most dazzling performance came

in New York recently in a game with the Mets. Four times in that single game he stole second base—though only three of the steals went into the record books. His first time on base he stole second, but the umpire nullified the play because the Dodger batter had interfered with the catcher. Wills did not argue. He simply trotted back to first and stole again two pitches later.

On with the Barrage

The home-run barrage goes on. On a Sunday, which for the first time saw a schedule of ten doubleheaders, big-league batters banged out a record 54 homers, four more than the previous one-day high of 50 in 16 games on May 30, 1956. Led by the Minnesota Twins with six homers, American League teams hit 30 balls into the stands or over the fence. In the National League, Cincinnati and Philadelphia swung the biggest bats, with four home runs each.

Though the New York Yankees' Roger Maris, last year's champion with 61 homers, is deep in a batting slump (only eleven homers so far), half a dozen other batters are mounting a new assault on the record books. San Francisco's always-great Willie Mays leads both leagues with 21, is only ten games behind Maris' 1961 pace; six other players have 15 or more. By last week, baseball's sluggers had cost their respective teams some 1,200 baseballs. With two more teams added to the majors this year, the fans were talking about the possibility of 3,000 home runs (vs. the record 2,730 last year) before the season is out.

Scoreboard

► Six days after announcing that an unheralded Soviet discus thrower had set a new world record of 202 ft. 2½ in., Moscow trumpeted still more exultant news: Broad Jumper Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, 24, who placed third in the 1960 Olympics, had sailed 27 ft. 3 in. during a meet in Armenia, thus smashing the 27-ft. 13-in. world record set by U.S. Olympic Champion Ralph Boston in last year's U.S.-Soviet track meet in Moscow. Preparing for the fourth U.S.-Soviet track meet in Palo Alto, Calif., next month the Russians had two other new records to announce in the ladies' division. At a meet in Leipzig, East Germany, muscular Shot-



MAURY WILLS HOOK-SLIDING

The same speed—if not the temperament.



TY COBB'S TECHNIQUE

THE SPORTS NEWS



RUSSIAN JUMPER TEE-OVANESVAN
Exultant all right.

putter Tamara Press had boosted her record with the 8.8-lb. women's shot to 60 ft. 10½ in.; at the same meet, Broad Jumper Tatjana Shekhanova broke her own record with a leap of 21 ft. 5 in.

► "It looked like the whole ocean was coming up in slow motion when he came out of the water. Every time he jumped and went back in, it was like bombs hitting the water." On an annual fishing trip to Cape Hatteras, N.C., Gary Stukes, 37, a sales engineer from Morristown, N.J., had hooked into an angler's dream: a huge blue marlin with a bill like a baseball bat and a temperament to match. In the first few seconds the leaping head-shaking fish ripped off 400 yds. of 130-lb. test line; it took another 1 hr. 20 min. to get the giant blue into the boat. It measured an even 13 ft. from bill to scythe-like tail, and weighed 380 lbs.—a new world record, 30 lbs. heavier than the previous record caught three years ago off San Juan, P.R.

► One drive curved over onto the wrong fairway, and his irons caught the rough with distressing regularity. But Richard Davies, 31-year-old Pasadena, Calif., real estate man, still managed to beat Welshman John Povall one up in the 36-hole match play final, thus becoming the twelfth American to win the British Amateur golf championship, second only to the U.S. amateur as a prize for play-for-fun golfers.

MILESTONES

Divorced. Henry Fonda, 57, hardy perennial of Broadway and Hollywood (*Mister Roberts, Advise and Consent*); by Aldera Fonda, 29, the former Italian Contessa Aldera Franchetti, dark, lively socialite; after five years of marriage, no children; in Juárez, Mexico.

Died. Polly (real name: Pearl) Adler, 62, longtime (1920-45) Manhattan madam whose garish parlors were a house away from home for those who found the scarlet parrot on her business card an invitation to expensive pleasure; of cancer; in a Hollywood hospital. At Polly's midtown bordello, amid Louis XVI, Egyptian and Chinese furnishings, and a Gobelin tapestry of Vulcan and Venus "having a tender moment." Racketeer Dutch Schultz took his ease, harking orders to henchmen from under a silken canopy; while in nearby rooms Social Registered patrons reveled, and off-duty cops romped. In retirement, tiny (4 ft., 11 in.), dark-haired Polly wrote a bestselling memoir (*A House Is Not a Home*) that helped enrich the idiom ("There's no shaking off the press"), completed two years of college, where one of her professors coined a rich one of his own: "The problem is, Miss Adler knows nothing about syntax."

Died. John Ireland, 82, gentle, white-haired English composer of songs, chamber, piano and organ music, anthems and orchestral pieces, who put poems to music (his most popular: from Masefield's *Sea Fever*) but shied away from longer works because "you must have a very good opinion of yourself to write a symphony"; after a long illness; in Washington, Sussex, England.

Died. George Charles Montagu, 87, ninth Earl of Sandwich whose 18th century ancestor, the fourth Earl, is credited with concocting the first sandwich (a slab of beef between two pieces of bread) because he once refused to leave the gaming table for a more conventional repast, recipient in 1956 of the National Pickle Packers Association's annual "Pickle Award" in gratitude for the sandwich's assistance in helping the pickle packers peddle a peck of pickles; in Huntingdon, England.

Died. Sailing Wolfe Baruch, 88, retired stockbroker who, with Brother Bernard M. Baruch, hired a locomotive on the Fourth of July 1895, steamed from the Jersey shore into holiday-for-saken Manhattan to cable huge buy orders to the London Stock Exchange on news of the great U.S. naval victory of Cuba in the Spanish-American War, a victory that, as they expected, touched off a great buying spree on Wall Street next day, skyrocketing prices in the U.S. stocks that the Baruchs had bought at low prices in London while others were too busy celebrating; after a long illness; in Miami.

TITLEIST

31 To 1

FAVORITE

ON THE TOUR

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LOOK AT THE RECORD FOR 1962

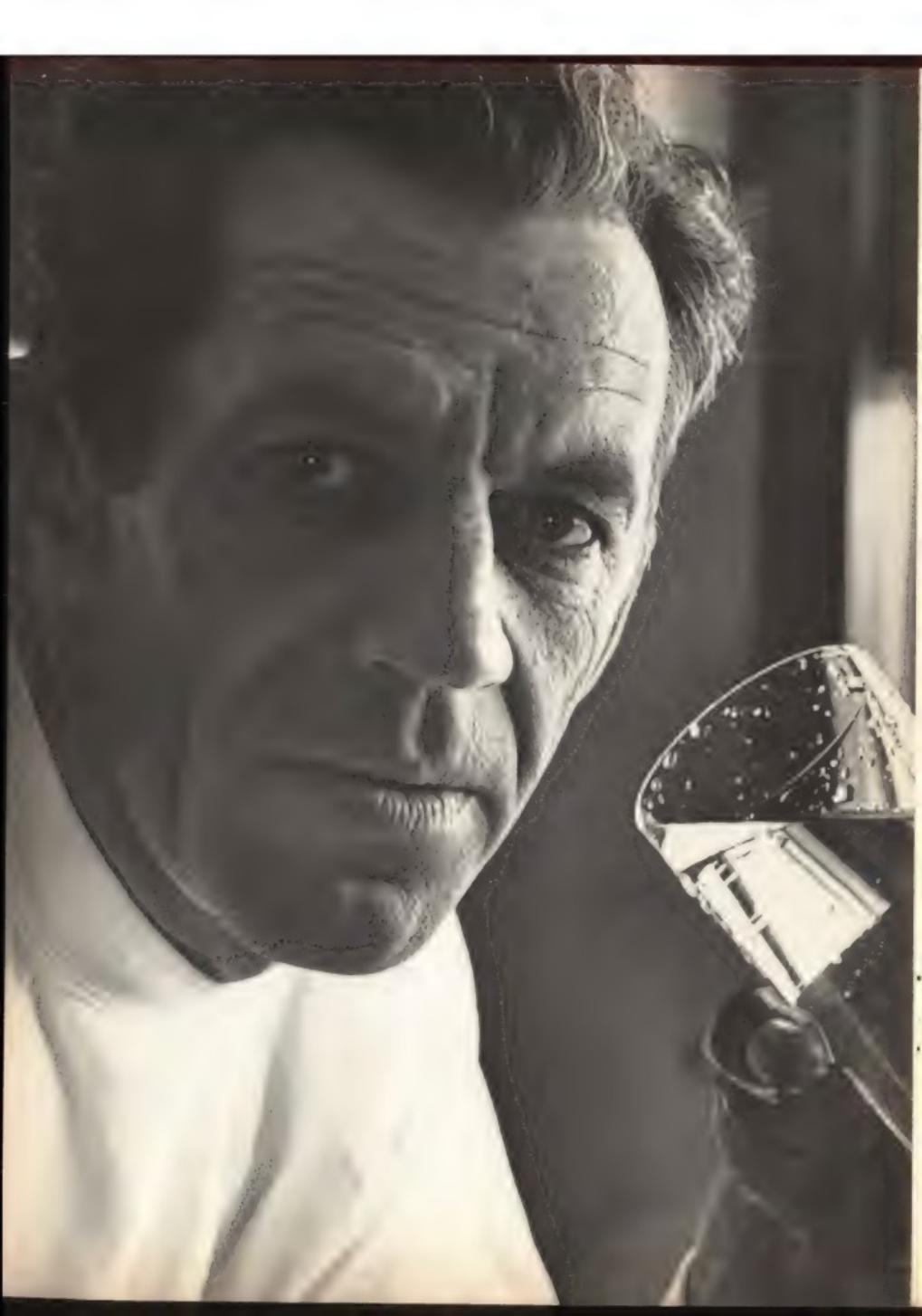
TOURNAMENT	PLAYING TITLEST	NEAREST COMPETITOR
L. A. Open	50	27
San Diego	62	22
Crosby	101	69
Lucky	51	25
Palm Springs	187	142
Phoenix	81	19
Tucson	91	15
New Orleans	96	14
Baton Rouge	96	13
PGA Srs.	233	38
Pensacola	89	12
St. Petersburg	81	20
Doral Open	67	21
Azalea	76	19
Masters	28	18
Houston Classic	46	19
Greensboro Open	91	18
Texas Open	95	19

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U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Mass Exodus

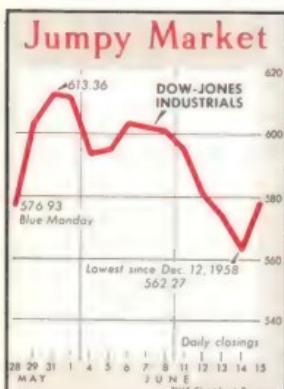
After a few days of relative calm on Wall Street, investors last week decided again that the stock market was no place for their money. Rushing in with sell orders that pushed volume on the New York Stock Exchange up to a frantic 6,240,000 shares, they knocked the Dow-Jones industrial average down to 560.28 on Thursday, June 14. It was the lowest close since December 1958. Next day there was a predictable rebound, as short sellers moved in to replace at bargain prices stock that they had borrowed when it was higher. Even so, the Dow-Jones index rose only to 578.18—which left it off 23 points for the week.

Once again the stocks that took the

investors who, desperate to get out, were belatedly trying to follow the market adage that advises selling on the rallies. Whenever the market opened with a little rally, it was quickly smothered in sell orders.

What is the small investor going to do with the extra money he does not put into the market? Since stock prices began to skid six months ago, many people have retreated to the safety of savings accounts and insurance policies. The Federal Home Loan Bank last week reported that in the first quarter of this year, savings of all kinds climbed a record \$8.6 billion to nearly \$34 billion. Other investors, reluctant to leave the excitement of the market altogether, have been turning to mutual funds in the hope that professional investment management will see them through. But the fund managers have not done so well, either: since December, the asset values of 15 of the 20 biggest U.S. mutual funds have dropped even more sharply than the Dow-Jones average. (But of the top five funds, Investors Mutual, Wellington Fund and Affiliated Fund did better than the average.)

No Blossom. Though many stocks are now down to attractive price-earnings ratios, the general public's buying spirit got little encouragement from many of last week's economic indicators (see *THE NATION*). More and more, investors were showing themselves disappointed in the sluggishness of the recovery and no longer hopeful that it will blossom into a boom or superboom. "Best guess at this point," wrote Walston & Co. Market Analyst Anthony Tabell, "is that it will fairly close to two years before we have the start of another major bull market."



worst pummeling were the formerly high-riding "growth" issues. Though it ended the week at 3,333, IBM (1962 high: 578) plummeted to 300 on Thursday—at which point, the *Wall Street Journal* caustically noted, its yield to investors rose to 1%. Polaroid (1962 high: 221) dropped from 100 at the beginning of the week to 81 on Thursday, closed on Friday at 98. Even blue-chip A.T. & T. had a hard week, sliding from 109 to 105. Said Sidney B. Lurie, a partner in Manhattan's Josephthal & Co.: "There's a mass exodus on the part of investors. The professionals raised their cash earlier in the year; now the amateurs are getting out."

Slipping Pros. Lurie's thesis was borne out by a newly completed New York Stock Exchange analysis of just who did the damage on Blue Monday. Contrary to Wall Street rumors of heavy dumping by European interests, it was primarily selling by small investors that greased the skids on May 28 and the morning of May 29. Last week's dip was also apparently the doing of relatively small

HIGH FINANCE

Bonaparte's Retreat

Eddy Gilbert was always fond of telling people what great things he could do, and sometimes he did them. As a brash, icy-eyed youngster of 24, he decided he wanted control of Memphis' E.L. Bruce Co., a leading manufacturer of hardwood products. Ten years later, in 1958, he won control of the company after a go-for-broke battle that established him as one of Wall Street's boy wonders. Eddy, who once showed up at a costume party as Napoleon, assured friends that this was only the beginning. He intended, he said, to use Bruce "as a vehicle to build an empire."

Last week the Napoleonic empire of Edward Mortimer Gilbert, 38, abruptly collapsed. Summoning a quartet of Bruce directors from Memphis to Manhattan, Gilbert admitted to them that he had written \$1,953,000 in company checks for his personal use and submitted his resignation as president of the company. That evening, while the directors brooded about what action to take, Gilbert paid



PROMOTER GILBERT
What made Eddy run?

cash for the last seat aboard a plane for Brazil to join an Elba of fugitive U.S. financiers that already includes multimillion-dollar Swindler Lowell Birrell and Texas Insurance Embezzler Jack Cage.

Persuading Papa. Eddy Gilbert (*nd* Ginsberg) was a plunger. At 27 angered by his father's refusal to make him a director of the family-controlled Empire Millwork Corp., he quit the company and started his own hardwood flooring business. Within four years he could point to annual sales of \$250,000, and persuaded papa to buy him out for 20,000 shares of Empire stock. Then, armed with his stake and an Empire directorship, he began to move in on E.L. Bruce.

With volatile promises of profits for all, Gilbert enlisted friends and strangers to buy Bruce stock for him. He himself bought heavily on margin. Bruce's family



WIFE RHODA
And who pays for the ice?

management resisted the takeover stubbornly, and in the course of the battle—during which the American Stock Exchange temporarily suspended trading in the company's stock—Bruce shares soared from \$17 to \$190. But by September 1958, Gilbert had 50% of the company's stock in his pocket. Then, expansively persuasive as ever, he talked his father into agreeing to a merger of Bruce and Empire, and in September 1961 installed himself as president of the new company.

To Prove a Point. "Eddy was always trying to prove a point," a friend recalls. And one way was to spend to get attention. He cultivated Elsa Maxwell to make sure that he met the right people, kept a regular Monday-night box at the opera. In his ten-room Fifth Avenue apartment, five-story East 50th Street town house and Palm Beach mansion, he lavishly entertained the people he wanted to impress. He maintained a villa on the French Riviera at Roquebrune, complete with poolside orchestra, and held open house for international drifters. On paper, he was worth well over \$10 million, and he had a pretty wife ready to help him dispose of it. Just one month ago, Rhoda Gilbert was sued by Cartier for the return of \$73,400 in diamonds, emeralds and black pearls that she had sent round "on approval"—and which she had assumed Eddy would pay for, even though they were already estranged.

But there were other lands to conquer. Last year Eddy Gilbert set his sights on a new target: Celotex Corp., a \$62 million-a-year Chicago building materials firm. By last April, he had picked up 14% of Celotex's outstanding stock. Alas, Celotex shares began to slip—from \$41.75 in March to \$25 on Wall Street's Blue Monday. Since Gilbert presumably bought most of his Celotex stock on margin or had used it as security for loans to buy still more, he stood to see it sold out from under him unless he could raise more collateral. Evidently assuming that he could make restitution when the market rose again, he began writing out checks, and with remarkable ease persuaded other Bruce officers to countersign them.

Out of Reach. At week's end, still unsure just how much Eddy Gilbert's checks actually added up to, Bruce officials prepared to start civil suit against him for recovery of the money (Chairman Edwin Bruce stepped back in as president of the company). Both the SEC and the New York County Fraud Bureau were investigating the tattered Gilbert empire to see whether Gilbert's manipulations added up to a criminal offense.

Gilbert himself was safely out of reach in Rio. Though Brazil recently signed its first extradition treaty with the U.S., the Brazilian Congress has not yet ratified it. Eddy, however, insisted that he was "not fleeing United States justice" and still hoped "to pay everybody back and make everything whole some day." But he conceded that he had perhaps been overambitious in his Wall Street operations and added pensively: "I would like to write a book warning other young men."

THE ECONOMY

The Solid Gold Dilemma

Seeking economic advice last week John F. Kennedy asked Roger Blough over to the White House. The invitation aroused sardonic comment from businessmen around the country, but the problem at issue was one that concerned the chairman of the U.S. Steel Corp. no less than the President: the chronic U.S. gold drain. Already this year, the nation's gold supply has shrunk \$455 million; it is now down to a 23-year low of \$16.4 billion. So persistent are rumors that the U.S. might be forced to devalue the dollar by raising the price of gold that speculators have grabbed up gold shares enthusiastically enough to make them the only group of common stocks to defy the plunge on Wall Street.

The rumors are strongly denied in Washington. Devaluation of the dollar would theoretically increase the value of the U.S. gold reserve and decrease the price of U.S. exports. But President Kennedy is said to be dead set against devaluation because it would undermine faith in the West's most crucial economy, and would not solve anything because all other nations would quickly devalue their own currencies.

Trouble of Fort Knox. The dollar is still the world's strongest currency—largely because it is backed with the immense hoard of gold that the U.S. piled up as a result of the movement of capital out of Europe inspired by World War II. But the hoard is dwindling fast because the U.S., since the war, has spent, lent and invested more abroad than it has taken in. Despite a healthy trade surplus, the U.S. has pumped so much into postwar foreign aid and military spending overseas (total more than \$100 billion) that its balance of payments has run a net deficit of \$20 billion over the past decade. Fort Knox has only

\$4.7 billion left to go before it breaks through the \$11.7 billion floor of gold legally required to back U.S. paper currency and the banking system. Although the Fed can suspend the requirement at will, a drop below that minimum could cause a run on the dollar and compel Washington to clamp controls on U.S. foreign trade, travel and investments.

To prevent that, Washington has taken many piecemeal actions—from limiting the duty-free souvenirs that tourists can bring home to pressuring allies to buy more of their military gear in the U.S. More imaginatively the Fed has begun to stock up on foreign currencies, so that foreign nations with payments claims against the U.S. can be paid off in their own money instead of gold or dollars. Adopting an old European technique, the U.S. last week swapped \$50 million for Dutch guilders; in similar earlier swaps, it picked up \$50 million worth of French francs and \$50 million in British pounds.

Advice from Europe. Many bankers both at home and abroad sniff that this is overly mild medicine. The real reason for the continuing gold drain, they argue, lies in low U.S. interest rates, which encourage U.S. investment capital to flow out to higher-interest countries abroad. As evidence, they point out that the Fed, in an effort to stimulate U.S. economic expansion with loose-money policies, has increased the nation's money supply by \$4.8 billion since 1958—but that the U.S. has lost \$4.1 billion in gold during the same period. To the bankers, this means that the new money reserves have simply poured out to other countries.

Fortnight ago, the Bank for International Settlements, which is a kind of European central bankers' union, made a blunt public suggestion that it was time for the U.S. to raise its interest rates. But tighter money is anathema to the Kennedy Administration, which contends that higher interest rates would choke off borrowing for the very kind of industrial modernization that the U.S. needs to put zip into its economy. Besides, the New Frontiersmen say, tighter money is unnecessary. Proudly pointing out that there has been no gold outflow at all for the past month, they predict that the U.S. balance of payments will be in the black by 1964. To accomplish that, they are counting on a surge in U.S. exports—which would have to increase by only 10% to cover the balance-of-payments deficit.

European bankers regard this as a dangerously iffy prospect. They recognize that in addition to stopping the gold outflow, the Kennedy Administration has other cherished objectives: stimulating the domestic economy, continuing a high level of foreign aid and maintaining the nation's military strength abroad. But they argue that some order of priorities should be established. Said one European economist last week: "The U.S. is fully justified in thinking that with the economy slack, low rates of interest are appropriate for recovery. But low interest rates are not necessarily appropriate for a country with a balance-of-payments deficit."





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RAILROADS

In Advance of Ulcers

In Boston last week, silver-haired, short-tempered Patrick Benedict McGinnis, 68, bowed out as head of a Class I U.S. railroad for the fourth time in ten years. But in surrendering his job as chief executive of the 127-year-old Boston & Maine, the hotspur of U.S. railroading at least set a refreshing precedent. On previous occasions—aboard the Norfolk Southern, the Central of Georgia and the New Haven—McGinnis was tossed out by angry stockholders. At the B. & M., he decided to move up to chairman on his own hook.

Ostensibly for health reasons, McGinnis is turning the B. & M. presidency over to Vice President Daniel A. Benson, 47, a tough, savvy operating railroader who began as a New Haven yard clerk. "I don't have any heart trouble. I don't have any ulcers," says McGinnis. "But I've been working twelve-hour days. I'm slowing down before something happens." Of considerably more concern, however, is the state of the B. & M.'s health. By McGinnis' standards the road's financial picture has been improving: "In railroads, we measure the best by who's doing the least bad. We had less deficit last year [\$3,279,716] than the seven other East Coast railroads." But under a *rush* refinancing arrangement, the B. & M. also has \$47,014,700 in first-mortgage bonds coming due between now and the end of 1965. Unless funds are found to retire them—or the due date is postponed—the end of the line is in sight.

The only solution McGinnis sees to the B. & M.'s troubles is a merger, and he is moving over to chairman—at a \$44,000 salary cut—to put all his time, and his experience as a longtime Wall Street expert on bankrupt railroads, into finding one. McGinnis would first like to merge

the B. & M. with the Delaware & Hudson, with which it connects, and then with the booming Norfolk & Western. This arrangement would eliminate much of the \$7,000,000 a year that the B. & M., as a terminal line, pays other railroads in freight car charges.

McGinnis concedes, however, that his merger proposals are still "at a very informal stage," and on Wall Street last week some of his old colleagues did not seem to share his confidence in the Boston & Maine's future. "I think a swift breeze could take them right off the diving board," said one metaphor mixer. "McGinnis is probably abandoning a sinking ship."

REAL ESTATE

The Practitioner

As homes in a building tract go, the new ones in Woodland West, a 1,500-unit development in suburban Fort Worth, Texas, had all the features that sell. Woodland West had the unmistakable development look, but its houses were spaced irregularly, and had variations of external finish that enabled them to be labeled ranch, colonial, rustic or modern. Inside there was air conditioning, wall-to-wall carpeting and dishwashers, and the price was right: \$12,950 to \$16,950. The builder of Woodland West did little more than dig foundations and pound nails. In everything else, from making elevation surveys to placing newspaper advertisements, the development is the work of L. C. Major & Associates of Downey Calif., pioneers in the art of tractitioning.

Tractitioning, as earnest LeRoy Cluff Major, 46, practices it, consists of planning every aspect of a housing development with a staff of specialists such as few builders possess—or can afford. In the 16 years since he went into tractitioning, Major and his employees have drawn up designs for 400,000 houses in 15 states from North Carolina to Hawaii. Currently, Major is designing twice as many houses as he did three years ago and he expects to gross \$1,000,000 this year.

A Piece of Change. Major and his assistants are totally geared to the mass market: most of their homes sell for \$10,000 to \$20,000; they work on nothing less than 50-unit projects. To his builder customers, Major offers all or part of a package that begins with buyer surveys, ranges through land planning and house design, and ends with Major staffing the development's sales office. For his services Major charges up to \$200 per house sold. Builders find the fee well worthwhile. Major's 45-man staff has an eagle eye for cost-cutting detail, designs houses so that no odd-length beams have to be sawed and two bathrooms can be linked to one \$65 vent. Explains a company executive: "If you're talking about 1,000 units, a \$50 bill on every house becomes quite a piece of change."

Like many another innovator, Cluff Major stumbled onto tractitioning. Raised in Thatcher, Ariz., he planned to be an



MAJOR AT TEXAS DEVELOPMENT
Planning for the masses.

architect, but when his family could not afford to send him to college, he settled for the next best thing: home appraising. When the G.I. loan program ignited the postwar housing boom, he found himself spending most of his free time doing renderings and elevations for builders on his dining room table. Eventually, struck by the fact that "nobody was doing a good job of planning" on the nation's mushrooming developments, he organized his own firm.

Lawn in the Middle. Major and his staff have learned better than builders what buyers look for. For men, the most important quality is exterior eye appeal. Women, who concentrate on the interior, are increasingly insistent on a second story, a spacious family kitchen, and a minimum of interior walls to give the full-sweep look. Both men and women increasingly like a master bedroom and bath suite that isolates them from the kids. Major has also learned that buyers, unconsciously, like gently curving streets and prefer width to depth in their lots. The company parcels out plots like a landlady cutting pie, on occasion has utilized odd-shaped pieces to throw in a community swimming pool. Says Major: "You can't waste land any more when it costs \$20,000 an acre."

Major's business is satisfying the public taste, but, wherever he can, he experiments. Currently, he is trying hard to sell builders on the desirability of community green space: one Major-planned development now underway at Oxnard, Calif., combines the back lawns of two rows of attached houses in a single huge mall. As his next gambit, Major hopes to offer a landscaping blueprint which buyers would receive when they took title to their house and would carry out as they could afford it. Says he: "Housing is a merchandising field now. And what a merchandising idea that would be."



BENSON & MCGINNIS
Balancing on the diving board.



Photograph by John H. Johnson

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WORLD BUSINESS

WORLD TRADE

Sons of the Common Market

If you can't join Europe's Common Market maybe you can fief it by forming one of your own—or so goes the thinking these days among nations from Chile to the Congo. In Cairo alone over the past fortnight, the groundwork was laid for two new common markets: one would link five Arab nations, and another six African countries (Egypt judiciously proposes to join both). Africa, in fact, is building three common markets. Two more have been launched in Latin America, and an Asian market has been proposed by Malaysia, Thailand and the Philippines.

Prime movers in this proliferation of trade blocs are the underdeveloped nations, which live by exporting raw materials, and fear that the common tariff wall being built by Europe's Six will freeze their products out of traditional markets. By developing their own customs unions—each with monopolies on materials that Europe needs and consumers that Europe wants—the outsiders figure that they can deal from strength against Europe, or the U.S. As yet however, most of the "little common markets" consist largely of ambitious names.

Yes, We Have Bananas. Most of the proposed customs unions lack the homogeneity of the European Six; often their members belong to different currency blocs and lack common boundaries. The members of the "Casablanca bloc" that met last week in Cairo—Egypt, Morocco, Algeria, Ghana, Guinea and Mali—found that transportation among them is so primitive that Ghana still finds it easier to import cotton from Europe than from Egypt. Hoping to change this, the Casablanca powers agreed to expand their shipping, create an airline cooperative, and start a joint payments union. But, like nearly all the little common markets, the Casablanca-bloc nations produce much the same things and have little to sell to one another. Mused an economist from Morocco, which still does two-thirds of its foreign trade with Europe's Common Market: "No matter how much good will we have toward Ghana and Guinea, there's only so much cocoa and bananas we can absorb."

Similar hurdles also confront Africa's two other common markets. One of them is a loose, twelve-nation union largely consisting of former French West African colonies. It's hampered by the reluctance of richer members such as Cameroun and Gabon to get too involved with such poorer sisters as Chad. The other African common market is a bloc of four East African states—Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda and Zanzibar—that are in various stages of emerging from British colonialism. Leaders of these two common markets talk grandly of forming a single black African market in the future. But to create a working common market takes more

than a customs union: coordination of fiscal, agricultural and transport policy is also necessary—and so far, the newly independent nations of Africa show scant readiness to surrender any sovereignty.

In the Soup. Most promising of the new common markets is the two-year-old Free Trade Zone of nine Latin American nations—Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Colombia, Uruguay, Peru, Ecuador and Paraguay. Mexico's President Adolfo López Mateos and Brazil's President João Goulart are already laying plans to freeze out all imports of autos and auto parts by



MEXICO'S LÓPEZ MATEOS & BRAZIL'S GOULART
Building their own barriers.

arranging for each zone member to specialize in particular auto components. (In practice, U.S. and European automakers will simply make cars inside the Latin zone.) The Latin Americans have shown unexpected readiness to compromise their differences, last January agreeing to 2,500 mutual tariff cuts averaging 27% each.

Even in Latin America, however, the road to economic union is still potholed. In their own Central American common market, Guatemala, Nicaragua, El Salvador and Honduras have agreed to erase tariffs on 200 items within the past two years, aim for fully free trade with one another and a single external tariff within a decade. A scheme to grant each member a monopoly on producing certain goods has led mostly to shoddier products. Grumped one Guatemalan housewife last week: "I used to pay 35¢ for a can of imported soup. Now I have to pay 45¢ for Central American soup and risk ptomaine poisoning to boot." But already, trade among the Central American partners has increased substantially, and the future of the union looks bright enough that Costa Rica is considering joining.

JAPAN

The No-Show Recession

More than a year ago, Japan's bankers and economists began warning their countrymen that a crisis was at hand unless Japan throttled down its dizzying rate of economic growth. As a nation that lives on foreign trade, they argued, Japan simply could not afford the surge in consumer buying and in industrial purchases of foreign equipment that had sent its imports soaring far above its exports.

Shaken by these jeremiads, Premier

Hayato Ikeda's government slapped on credit curbs designed to discourage industrial expansion. Last week, however, the government reported that, despite all its efforts, Japan's gross national product in 1961 increased by 21.5%—6½ times the U.S. rate. Meanwhile, under the stimulus of a government-backed export drive overseas sales had picked up enough to give Japan a favorable trade balance of \$92 million for the first quarter of this year. Signed Government Economic Planner Masao Sakaiwa: "It seems the only people who realize that there's a serious recession going on are we economists."

ITALY

Ferry on Skis

When an odd-looking craft called the H. S. *Denison* slipped down the ways into Long Island's Oyster Bay last week, it was a big event in the U.S. shipping world. The *Denison*, built by Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp. for the U.S. Maritime Administration, is the U.S.'s first high-speed hydrofoil ferryboat. But in Italy, hydrofoil ferries are old hat. Neapolitans



RODRIGUEZ

HYDROFOILS ON NORWEGIAN FJORDS
In his wake, many competitors.

scarcely spare a glance any more for the sleek, 140-passenger *aliscraft* (winged bulls) that skim out across the Bay of Naples four times a day on the tourist run to Capri 18 miles away.

The man who put the Italians comfortably out in front in commercial hydrofoil development is Carlo Rodriguez, 51, a tall, reticent Sicilian engineer whose Spanish ancestors settled in Italy 150 years ago. Since 1958 Rodriguez has turned out 42 hydrofoil ferries at his 500-man Messina shipyard. Today, his *aliscraft* wing between Venice and Trieste, thread the fjords of Norway, link Caribbean islands, and are about to begin regular service between Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Last year Rodriguez sold \$1,100,000 worth of hydrofoils; this year, with \$1,800,000 in

sales so far, he expects to do substantially better.

Legacy from Adolf. A trip in a Rodriguez hydrofoil is like water-skiing in a bus. Projecting down from the ferry's trim speedboat hull are legs with winglike metal skis on the end. As the ship picks up speed, the hull rises out of the water and skims along on its skis. Because it has only the drag of the skis, a Rodriguez hydrofoil needs only half the power of a conventional boat to achieve the same speed. More important, its top speed is three times that of the average conventional ferryboat—which means that it can move three times as many passengers in a day.

Rodriguez' *aliscraft* come in two models: the 72-passenger PT 50, which is driven

by a 1,350-h.p. Daimler-Benz V-12 engine and will make up to 40 knots, and the 140-passenger PT 50, which has two V-12s and does 37 knots. Both were designed by Austrian Engineer Friedrich Lohau, who built his first hydrofoil for Hitler's navy and his second as a prisoner of war in Russia. (The Russian model, he now says he carefully constructed in such a way that it sank the first time he demonstrated it to Soviet naval officers.) After the war, Lohau ran out of funds trying to develop a commercial hydrofoil in Switzerland. Rodriguez, anxious to expand his family's 61-year-old shipyard, bought Lohau out and has kept him at work in Messina ever since.

Volga Boatmen. Rodriguez' success has spawned numerous competitors. The Russians, despite Lohau, now have a 150-passenger hydrofoil plying the Volga. Grumman's *Denison*, which is 32 tons heavier than the PT 50 and designed to go twice as fast, is expected to be the forerunner of 80-knot hydrofoils capable of coping with open ocean. This August Boeing will launch a hydrofoil subchaser for the U.S. Navy.

Rodriguez—a skilled engineer himself—has no intention of falling behind. With a dedication rare in southern Italian businessmen, he is at his workbench from 8 a.m. till late at night. He has already pursued experimental models of his hydrofoil up to 65 knots; now he is seeking a way to keep a hydrofoil hull stabilized even in the roughest seas and thus eliminate the stomach-flipping bounce that is the chief remaining drawback to an *aliscraft* trip over the ocean waves.

PERSONAL FILE

• As the newly elected president of the Japan Chemical Society, **Masaharu Doi**, 68, speaks for an industry that has increased its production 500% (to \$2.0 billion a year) since 1950. But shy, plump Lawyer Doi, an expert on the proper chanting of ancient Japanese ballads, speaks with an even more powerful voice as the *de facto* chief of the most flourishing of Japan's former *zaibatsu* (family trusts). Propelled into the presidency of the Sumitomo Chemical Co. in 1947 when Occupation purges eliminated all his seniors, Doi got around U.S. directives to split up the *zaibatsu* by organizing the White Water Society, a "social club" consisting of the heads of all former Sumitomo enterprises. Today, though the Sumitomo family is no longer in control, the Sumitomo companies again constitute a closely knit combine of more than 115 firms with 1961 sales of \$884 million in everything from insurance to aluminum.

• "Britain can lick them all if we want to," boasts Sir **Henry Spurrier**, 64, ebullient, white-haired chairman and managing director of England's big Leyland Motors group. Sir Henry, third-generation head of a Lancashire company that started with steam wagons and now concentrates on buses and trucks, wants to. Last year, Leyland's bought up (for \$31 million) floundering Standard-Triumph International which makes the Triumph cars. Now, bracing against Britain's possible entry into the Common Market, he has acquired Associated Commercial Vehicles, which specializes in trucks. That makes him Britain's No. 1 truckmaker. With depots or assembly plants scattered from Holland to Aus-



DOI



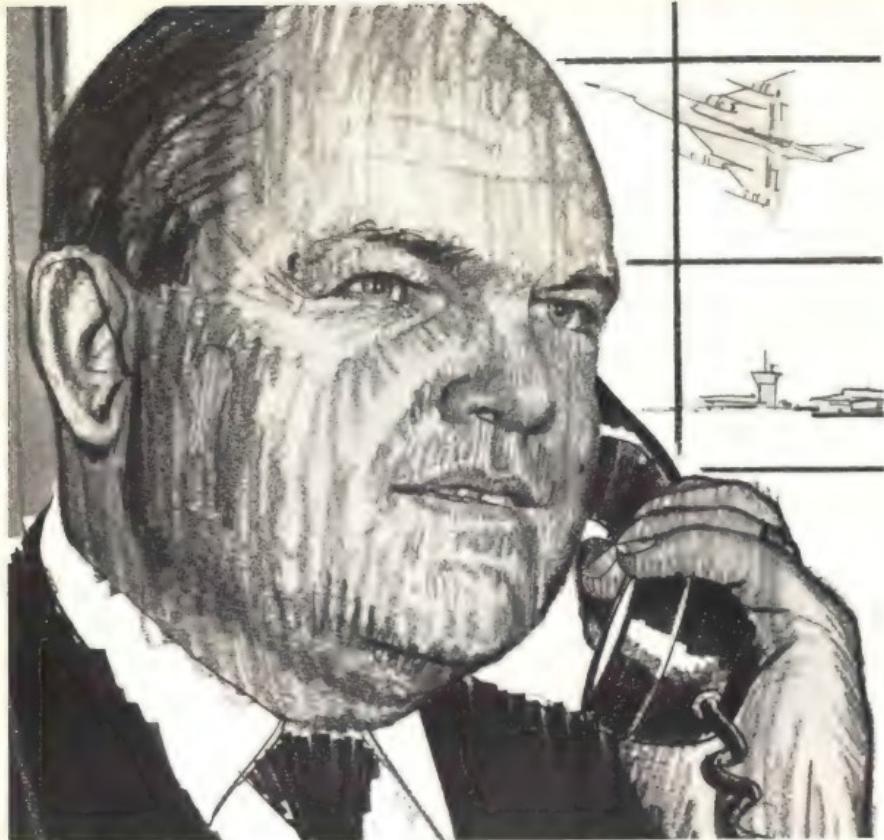
SPURRIER



MACHADO

tralia, the new company expects to sell \$400 million worth of vehicles a year. Says Sir Henry: "We shall be able to fight Mercedes, General Motors, and the other heavy vehicle manufacturers anywhere in the world."

• Discouraged by \$250,000-a-month losses on international routes alone, the Venezuelan government 14 months ago transformed its state-owned LAV airline into VIASA, a new international carrier whose ownership is split 55%-45% between the government and private Venezuelan capital. With a profit of \$100,000 so far, VIASA expects to wind up this year firmly in the black. Chiefly responsible is VIASA President **Oscar Machado Zuloaga**, 42, dynamic, M.I.T.-educated general manager of the Caracas Electrical Co. Machado, who runs the airline on the side for a salary of \$8,000 a year, has turned LAV's old losses into profits by cracking down on bribes and padded payrolls and by negotiating a reciprocal jet-leasing agreement under which VIASA jets carry KLM passengers from Caracas to New York and KLM DC-8s handle VIASA traffic between Lima and Europe.



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CINEMA

Humbert Humdrum & Lullita

Lolita. Wind up the Lolita doll and it goes to Hollywood and commits nymphomaniacide. Director Stanley Kubrick and Novelists-turned-Scriptwriters Vladimir Nabokov shadow the plot of Nabokov's perverse and remarkable novel rather faithfully, but they have filtered out its shades of meaning. Those who know the book will hoot at this decontamination: those who do not will be mystified as to how the story ever got its lurid reputation.

The novel *Lolita* traced the carnal pursuit of a twelve-year-old American

because he has a very special itch for her gum-chewing, Coke-swilling daughter Lolita (Sue Lyon). The shock effect of this is dimmed, since the film ducks the duty of specifying Lolita's age and gives the part to a girl of 14 who looks a round 17. Making her movie debut, Teen-Ager Lyon is simply overmatched by the demands of her part. She acts knowing rather than sexy, and she lacks what Nabokov himself has defined as the "demonic" essence of the near adolescent nymphet, an "elusive, shifty, soul-shattering, insidious charm."

James Mason is equally misconceived as Humbert. All through the movie, he



LYON & MASON IN "LOLITA"

In an Electrifying situation, no incestuous raptures.

nymphet by a middle-aged European émigré named Humbert Humbert, and the rather Electrifying relationship that developed between the stepfather-seducer and the child-mistress. The book's last scene is the movie's first. Moving numbly through a Hollywood-style mansion full of bottles, harps, glasses, statues, bottles, grand pianos, glasses, sheeted furniture and an incongruous pingpong table, Humbert (James Mason) plunks bullet after bullet into the drunk and glibly protesting Clare Quilty (Peter Sellers), a TV playwright who stole Humbert's Lolita from him but did not keep her. In the book, the shooting of Quilty was eerily comic; in the film, despite the inspired foolery of Sellers, the scene is awkwardly and ominously facetious.

With the end given away, the movie then goes on in a 2½-hr. flashback to tell the full story. Humbert, a lecturer on French literature, rents a room in the home of Charlotte Haze (Shelley Winters), a New England culture voluntary. Charlotte has a seven-year widow's itch for a mate. Humbert obliges, but only

acts like an Englishman who has been caught cheating at cards in his club. He shows none of the Old World graces and cultural refinement that made the book's Humbert who appeared romantically naïve when Lolita quite casually and ironically seduced him. As Nabokov created her, Lolita was as completely a symbol of innate depravity as Melville's Billy Budd was a symbol of innate innocence. But in the movie, she seems to fall into Humbert's voracious clutches to avoid going to an orphanage after her mother is killed by a car. This destroys the underlying theme of the novel, which was a deliberate reversal of the classic Jamesian theme of American innocence v. European corruption.

"Hum" and "Lo" enjoy no incestuous raptures; instead they pout, sulk, rant and rail at each other with such tedious frequency that the viewer prays for the pursuing Clare Quilty to break in on the couple, as he does in several wondrous Sellers disguises. His funniest camouflage is as a

transplanted psychiatrist who knows all about "ve Amerikans" and can break the spine of the English language or rake the arms of a chair with his Teutonic ardor. Whenever, Sellers leaves, the life of the picture exits with him.

Lolita is the saddest and most important victim of the current reckless adaptation fad, which, in sterile practice, kills the goose in order to hatch a golden egg.

Magic Pumpkin

Stowaway in the Sky is a magic pumpkin coach ride over the city of Paris and the fair land of France. The pumpkin is a huge, orange-striped balloon. The low-level astronauts are a wispy bearded grandfather (André Gille) and his grandson, a mopeheded tyke named Pascal (Pascal Lamorisse). In this bucolic idyll of the air, the pair see the familiar through the fresh eye of wonder, which is one of the ways art invades the charmed realm of childhood.

Stowaway alternately celebrates the simple glories of nature and the complex architectural beauties of civilization. The camera, which was operated from a helicopter, drifts with the lazy, errant grace of an autumn leaf and establishes a reflective Whitmanesque tempo ("I loaf and invite my soul") far from the mad-dog pace of the earthbound. Over Paris, the balloon nuzzles the Eiffel Tower, down whose girders an elevator slowly crawls like an enormous drugged beetle. Skimming over the Loire valley, the balloonists spy Henry II's gift to his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, the breath-catching Renaissance chateau of Chenonceaux, white as a bridal veil, with its lacy arches anchored in the Cher River like a sculptured corps de ballet.

To exquisite mutations of color, the country scenes in *Stowaway* add poetry of motion. A stag hunt becomes a counterpoint of racing rhythms: the lope of the deer, the scrambling lurches of the hounds, the even piston thrusts of the horses. Flocks of flamingos lifting into flight bedazzle the surface of the water like a downpour of diamonds. A forest fire spills demonic red-orange flame over a hillside as if the Devil were painting his own authoritative version of the Inferno.

These natural splendors are strung on a spindly and sometimes travelogy narrative, supplied by S. N. Behrman and unobtrusively spoken by Jack Lemmon (who has launched his own Jalem Productions by bringing the film to the U.S.). It is difficult to decide whether a clownish mechanic named Tou-Tou (Maurice Baquet), who trails the balloonists in a vintage auto, is a comic relief or a sobering burden. There is a hopped-up scare finale where the balloon threatens to run away with the boy. But in the main, French Moviemaker Albert Lamorisse (*Pascal's* real-life father) fills the screen with the vibrant reality that once moved Gerard Manley Hopkins to write:

The world is charged with the grandeur

of God.

It will flame out, like shining from

shook foil.

BOOKS

Greatest in Spanish

LABYRINTHS [248 pp.]—Jorge Luis Borges—New Directions (\$5.50).
FICTIONS [174 pp.]—Jorge Luis Borges—Grove Press (\$3.50).

The greatest living writer in the Spanish language is a little-known Argentine named Jorge Luis Borges.

Borges (pronounced *Bor-hess*) has been neglected because he has long been considered too complex to survive translation. Now two collections of his short stories have been published for the first time in English, and it is clear that both the complexity—and the startling beauty—of his writings derive from the fact that Borges rates poetical insight a good deal higher than analytical thought. "To think is to forget differences, generalize, make abstractions," he writes. "There is no exercise of the intellect which is not, in the final analysis, useless."

Seeing Sharply. Borges' stories take place in a world that is half commonplace, half fantastic. Dreams occur within dreams; time loses its significance. What counts is momentary impulse and observation. A story mysteriously titled *Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius* concerns a mythical planet where people have no conception of material objects. Things have no names; they are described as they appear at the moment. People call the moon, for example, "round airy-light on dark" or "pale-orange-of-the-sky." Life has dissolved into pure poetry.

In another story, a gaucho is confined to bed for the rest of his life after being thrown by a horse. He hardly cares. The fall has miraculously sharpened his perception so that his memories are boundless: "He knew by heart the forms of the

Southern clouds on the 30th of April, 1882, and could compare them in his memory with the mottled streaks on a book in Spanish binding he had only seen once and with the outlines of the foam raised by an oar in the Rio Negro the night before the Quebracho uprising."

Borges contrasts this world of heightened perceptions with the real world of clumsy generalizations. In *Deutsches Requiem*, a commandant of a Nazi concentration camp becomes an example of an overthinking man. Stifling his feelings and perceptions, he justifies the slaughter of Jews because he believes that war purifies mankind. He rationalizes Nazi defeat by the same philosophy. "We taught the world violence and the faith of the sword," he exults, as the Allies close in. "Now that sword is slaying us. Many things will have to be destroyed in order to construct the New Order; now we know that Germany is one of these things."

Since every event is unique, nobody is permanently good or evil in a Borges story. A traitor at one time becomes a hero at another, a friend an enemy. Reputations are strangely inverted. In one story, a theologian reasons that Judas was actually God, because God would have chosen the "vilest destiny of all" to redeem mankind. In another, the fearsome Minotaur of Greek legend turns out to be sad at being hated by men, and longs for death at the hands of Theseus.

Freed by Blindness. Born in Buenos Aires, Borges stayed to live and write, though there was plenty of reason for a writer to move. As a young lyric poet, he was condemned by the hidebound traditionalists who dominated Argentine literature. Later, when writing prose, he ran afoul of pro-Nazi Dictator Juan Perón, who banned his books. But by doggedly pursuing his writing, Borges has brought literary excitement to a country that experiences it only rarely. He has also established his own reputation among small but demanding groups of readers in Argentina and around the world. Plagued by an inherited eye disease, he is now, at 62, totally blind, but continues to write. "Blindness is no handicap for a writer of fantasy," he says. "It leaves the mind free and unhampered to explore the depths and heights of human imagination."

Mellowed Marxism

THE MODERN POLISH MIND [440 pp.]—Edited by Maria Kunczewicz—Little, Brown (\$8.50).

Poland's Communist Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka managed to bring the 1956 "October Revolution" to a halt somewhere between Communism and democracy. But the intellectual revolution that began at the same time was not so easily braked. The intellectuals have continued to rebel at Communism's strictures, and this collection of essays and short stories is a gauge of how far they have carried their



PHILOSOPHER KOŁAKOWSKI
Indictments in allegories.

new independence. The best of these writings are quite profound probings of the human soul; the weakest are a far cry from political hack work.

Foxes & Blocks. The contributions, whether Catholic, existentialist or Communist, amount to one long indictment of tyranny. There are searing reminiscences of the Nazi occupation. The Communists are criticized less directly than the Nazis—by inference and allegory—but just as forcefully. In *The Gold Fox*, by Catholic Novelist Jerzy Andrzejewski, a small boy imagines a gold-colored fox in his bedroom that makes him happier than the dreary, jaded human beings around him. But family and friends conspire to cure him of his vision, and he ends up, like any good little boy, building collective villages out of blocks and playing "Unmask the Kukla."

In a thinly disguised satire of Communist Poland, Novelist Stanislaw Len describes the mythical planet of Pinta. Its soil is so arid that the government embarks on a series of irrigation projects. The land is soon sufficiently irrigated, but the bureaucrats refuse to give up their jobs, and continue irrigating until the entire planet is covered with a few feet of water. "The element which should have been mastered," writes Len, "simply mastered them. Yet no one was prepared to admit it, and the next inevitable step was to declare that everything was as it should be." People struggle through the streets with their heads barely above water; anyone who complains or even gurgles too loudly is thrown into prison.

In Favor of Jesting. Even in Poland, Marxist writers tolerate other opinions and even incorporate them into their own works. A young philosophy professor, Leszek Kołakowski, who was once a dedicated Stalinist, now talks more like a democrat. The leader of the 1956 intellectuals' revolt, he was singled out for



AUTHOR BORGES
Dreams within dreams.

attack by Gomulka for carrying "revisionism" too far, though he is still allowed to teach at the University of Warsaw. In his essay, *The Priest and the Jester*, Kolakowski compares a philosophy of absolutes to the priest in history, a philosophy of skepticism to the jester. Between them there is eternal struggle. "Both violate the mind," writes Kolakowski, "the priest by strangling it with catechism; the jester by harassing it with mockery." Kolakowski favors the jester, who "mis-trusts the stabilized world, denounces as doubtful what appears as unshakable." Another philosopher, Adam Schaff, who recently visited the U.S., remains more loyal to Marxism, but recognizes that individual principle sometimes conflicts with group discipline. Marxism, he writes, should tolerate such clashes because of its "methodological skepticism."

Taught by cruel experience to be cautious, these modern Polish writers are not so rash as their romantic predecessors and much more realistic. They combine an unflinching look at the grimness of life with a subdued hope for something better, an attitude that has spilled over into the other arts, including the best products (*Ashes and Diamonds*, *Joan of the Angels*) of Poland's revitalized motion picture industry. "The Yalta agreement between the Western Allies and the Soviet Union," writes Editor Kuncwicz, summing up, "had the unexpected result of transforming Poland into a laboratory where the most incompatible elements of human destiny are melting into new forms of coexistence."

Rural Life in Ruritania

TALES OF WAR (140 pp.)—Mihail Sadoveanu—Twayne (\$2.95).

EVEREN TALE (374 pp.)—Mihail Sadoveanu—Twayne (\$3.95).

Not all Iron Curtain authors share—or can afford to indulge—the Poles' obsession with political commentary. Mihail Sadoveanu, the son of an illiterate Romanian peasant, somehow learned to write and from 1904 until his death last year turned out 120 books; became one of his country's most famous authors. He was in no sense an apolitical artist—in fact he served as president of the first Presidium when the Russians forcibly converted Romania to Communism in 1947 (which helps explain why translations of his work are now offered as the first fruit of a new cultural exchange agreement between Romania and the U.S.).

But Sadoveanu's work is not so much the product of a different political system as of a different century. His real contemporaries are not Ehrenburg and Pasternak but Tolstoy and Turgenev, although he has nothing like the power or skill of any of them. His customary setting is the Rumania of three generations past, a Ruritanian rural province of marshes and forests and rivers awash with ducks to be shot, trout to be caught, and canny peasants to be put upon by the local landowners (known as boyars).

Most of the pieces are not stories at all

but evocative, frieze-like sketches that try to catch a country scene or a moment of action. In *The First Thorn* the author catches a whole life in a few pages. The impulsive daughter of a rich landowner revels in the secure and happy rituals of her twelfth birthday until, touched by sudden pity, she offers charity to derelict ex-convicts. Seared by the disapproval of her family and friends, she briefly weeps in the half-grown-up awareness that compassion will always isolate her from the complacent society she belongs to. Then she turns back to the child-worldly delight of a new ruffled birthday dress.

Sadoveanu's curiously dated writing style is most evident in *Tales of War*. Amidst a "hail of lead" and the "yelp" of guns, an army of "brave lads" heroically helps Rumania throw off the Turkish yoke. The time is 1877. All the soldiers

are the steps." And so Mr. Biswas, ex-sign painter, ex-bus conductor, ex-journalist, achieved his heart's desire and moved into a dwelling of his very own. It looked "like a huge and squat sentry-box"; he paid too much for it, the upper floor sagged, the windows would not shut, one door would not open, but it was a house.

Such is the simple plot of this new novel by V. S. Naipaul, 29, a Hindu who made a name for himself in his first novel, *The Mystic Masseur*, which recorded with sweet and sour irony the ways of the colony (297,000) of expatriate Indians who live in Trinidad. What counts is not the plot but the flavor of their slap-happy lingo and picturesque customs, and it all ought to be as much fun as a barrel of tonka beans in Tobago sauce. But Naipaul's *House*, though built of excellent exotic materials, sags badly; economy style, and a less elastic blueprint would have done wonders.

TALES MY FATHER TAUGHT ME, by Sir Osbert Sitwell (207 pp.; Little, Brown; \$4.75). As a family, the Sitwells—Sir Osbert, Dame Edith and just plain Sachverell—have got more literary lineage out of self-exposure, on the basis of less actual literary accomplishment, than any artistic dynasty in history. Osbert, who earlier dealt exhaustively with all his relatives in his autobiography *Left Hand, Right Hand*, has now found that its five stout volumes were not enough. *Tales My Father Taught Me*, the latest entry in this sibling revelry, is an afterpiece entirely devoted to his patrician papa.

Sir George Reresby Sitwell had no Napoleonic dreams: he was much too pleased with himself as he was. His passion was for messing about with the landscape of his native Derbyshire, creating grandiose gardens, installing great sheets of water, commanding elegant distant views. "Such a mistake," he told Osbert, "to have friends: they waste one's time." Not wasting his own, Sir George did voluminous research on "The Correct Use of Seaweed as an Article of Diet," worked on a walking stick designed to squirt vitriol at mad dogs, planned an illustrated pamphlet entitled *The Twenty-seven Postures of Sir George R. Sitwell*. Projects like these ran in the family. A Sitwell kinsman went to the trouble of having his coat of arms carefully inscribed on his food.

BÉBO'S GIRL, by Carlo Cassola (249 pp.; Pantheon; \$4.50). This brief, bitter-sweet story of lovers separated by fate was first published in 1960, became the rage of Italy, and won the important Strega Prize (given the year before to Giuseppe di Lampedusa's *The Leopard*). It must be explained as a success of sentiment, because there is not much to grip the imagination in the somewhat dimly drawn characters of Mara, a young village girl, and Bébo, a 19-year-old Communist and former resistance fighter. Bébo left the partisans with a big pistol in his pocket and a boy's pathetic notion that he could slay dragons with it. He swaggered about, beats up a Fascist priest, and



COMMUNIST SADOVEANU
Still in another century.

talk like British guards officers. Yet Sadoveanu sometimes had the writing skill to make compelling even quite traditional reactions to old-fashioned war: soldiers' delight in a battle-front feast on stolen turkey; a young sergeant's awe at the presence of a beautiful woman in the convalescent hospital; the guilty confusion of victorious troopers who, seeking vengeance among new-taken prisoners, find no bloodthirsty enemy they hate but an abject lot of human animals who can only be pitied. Sadoveanu's sketches have the virtues—and the vices—of old hunting prints and the romantically mannered battle scenes of the 19th century.

Also Current

A HOUSE FOR MR. BISWAS, by V. S. Naipaul (531 pp.; McGraw-Hill; \$5.95). "I can't tell you how sad it makes me to leave this house," the solicitor's clerk told Mr. Biswas. "Really for my mother's sake man. That is the only reason why I have to move. The old queen can't man-

finally shoots the young son of a militia sergeant. Belbo thinks himself a hero; he knows simply that his victim was a non-Communist, therefore an enemy. Mara is indifferent; she does not really care much for Belbo or his problems. But when Belbo is sentenced to 14 years in jail, Mara decides to stick by him. At the book's end, with seven years to go, she is still sticking. It is a little hard to see why everyone in the novel—and apparently the author too—considers Belbo a fine young man who is down on his luck rather than a nasty young fanatic who has blown the skull off a completely innocent boy.

THE LAST PORTAGE, by Walter O'Meara (289 pp.; Houghton Mifflin: \$5). In 1789 a ten-year-old boy named John Tanner was stolen from a frontier farm in Kentucky by a band of Ojibway Indians. Tan-



AUTHOR O'MEARA
Back at the frontier store.

ner was raised by the tribe; he wore a breechcloth, carried a tomahawk, and married an Indian woman. But he never really felt at ease among the Indians, and, as a mature man, he found the same sense of alienation when he tried to return to the whites. In 1830 a U.S. Army doctor at Sault Ste. Marie recorded Tanner's narrative. To flesh out the account, Author O'Meara, a former advertising copywriter turned historical novelist, falls back on his formidable store of frontier lore and suggests that the American Indian was something less than nature's nobleman e.g., some tribes had a habit of roasting captured children alive. But O'Meara cannot get away from the fact that he just does not know enough about John Tanner, who is made to sound more savant than savage. Other private journals kept at Sault Ste. Marie indicate that the be-deviled Tanner eventually developed into a demented old man who finally disappeared while under suspicion of murder. Loyally, O'Meara does not think he did it.

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Vincent J. Coyle, Vice-President & Managing Dir.
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TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound.

from TIME Publisher's Letter

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch - Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, this product shrinks hemorrhoids.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Benzoate) discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

CINEMA

Merrill's Marauders. In its underkeyed account of jungle fighting and jungle horror, this semi-documentary film signs with honor the ordeal of 3,000 U.S. volunteers fighting behind Japanese lines in Burma.

The Miracle Worker. Anne Bancroft as Teacher Sullivan and Patty Duke as the child Helen Keller re-create their Broadway roles in what is possibly the most moving double performance ever recorded on film.

A Taste of Honey is a heady pot of bitter drawn from that always leaky cask of discontent, the British working class. As a girl with a wit too many and a skin too few, Rita Tushingham may be the feminine cinema find of the year.

Jules and Jim. In France, love makes the world go triangular. Director François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*) translates the ways of two men with a maid into a film that is charming, sick, hilarious, depressing, wise and, most of the time, quite wonderful.

The Counterfeit Traitor. In this superior spy thriller, Allied Espionage Agent William Holden outwits some believable Nazi monsters.

Five Finger Exercise probes the hurts in a blighted family that has risen from rags to wretchedness.

Sweet Bird of Youth. A bottom-drawer Tennessee Williams play has been made into good Hollywood fare with a nice scenic feel for the Gulf Coast, and rock-solid performances by Geraldine Page as a has-been star and Paul Newman as her kept male.

I Like Money. Peter Sellers in a new film version of Marcel Pagnol's *Topaze*—a little slow, but fey and funny.

Joan of the Angels? The question mark is a salve to any who might be offended by this excellent Polish film about demons of eroticism loose in an Ursuline convent.

Through a Glass Darkly. A brilliant analysis of four lives—a father, his son, daughter and son-in-law—by Sweden's Ingmar Bergman.

TELEVISION

Wed., June 20

Howard K. Smith News and Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.) Summary of the week's most important items, with analysis.

Westinghouse Presents (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Mildred Dunnock, Nancy Wickwire, Margaret Leighton, Roy Poole, Ralph Bellamy and Kevin McCarthy in a drama about a woman's readjustment to life after her discharge from a mental hospital.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Brinkley visits Guantánamo Naval Base in Cuba. Color.

Fri., June 22

Breakthrough (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). John Chancellor interviews psychiatrists and medical researchers who are seeking new ways of dealing with mental illness.

Sun., June 24

Meet the Professor (ABC, 2:30-3 p.m.). Dr. Jonas Salk will discuss new developments.

* All times E.D.T.

ments in the field of polio vaccines and his new institute for advanced biological studies.

Issues and Answers (ABC, 4:45 p.m.). Secretary of State Dean Rusk analyzes the outlook for war and peace in Europe and Southeast Asia.

Meet the Press (NBC, 6:30 p.m.). Guest is Dr. Edward R. Annis, official spokesman of the American Medical Association, Color.

The Ed Sullivan Show (CBS, 8:30 p.m.). The Great Stone Face celebrates his 14th anniversary on television with Steve Allen, Jack Benny, Red Buttons, Jerry Lewis, Phil Silvers and Kate Smith as guests.

TV Guide Award Show (NBC, 9:10 p.m.). Dave Garroway as host, with Art Carney and Judy Holliday in sketches lampooning life with TV. Color.

Face to Face (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Warren Hull is host on a behind-the-scenes personality program coming from Hollywood.

Show of the Week (NBC, 10:11 p.m.). That indestructible melodramatic farce, *Seven Keys to Baldpate*.

Tues., June 26

The Garry Moore Show (CBS, 10:11 p.m.). The show bows off for the season, and marks the last appearance of Carol Burnett as a regular. Guests: Alan King and Carol Haney.

THEATER

On Broadway

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum, initially conceived by Plautus and cunningly performed by Zero Mostel, his fellow clowns and six deft hours, this zany burlesque is good for high, low, and furrowed brows.

A Thousand Clowns, by Herb Gardner. Playwriting about nonconformism is the conformist thing to do these days. Fortunately, Herb Gardner brings verve, humor, and a freshly observant eye to the subject, and his cast, headed by Jason Robards Jr., could scarcely be improved upon.

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams. Four people work out their tormented destinies on a Mexican veranda in this New York Drama Critics Circle prize play. For sustained dramatic power, tension and beauty, the second-act scenes between Margaret Leighton and Patrick O'Neal are unequalled on the current Broadway stage.

A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt. This New York Drama Critics Circle prize foreign play might have taken its theme from Shakespeare's line, "Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own." Paul Scofield matchlessly exemplifies the subject, Sir Thomas More.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying slyly paints a mustache on the corporate image. Robert Morse powers this musical with his ebullient portrayal of an Org Man rocketing to the top.

Off Broadway

Oh Dad, Pour Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad, by Arthur Kopit. An evening of surrealistic foofery on the topic of why Mom is a wiz. Goofy, oomphy Barbara Harris is the Lolita of off Broadway.

Brecht on Brecht. This revue-style evening of aphorisms, songs, scenes and poems is a generally exciting introduction to a master of 20th century theater.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Letting Go, by Philip Roth. The talented satirist of *Goodbye, Columbus* has produced a long novel on the troubles of the university young; page by page, it is a delight of flawless dialogue and sour wit, but taken in sum it is another solemn novel about a young man lured by the sirens of Meaninglessness.

Death of a Highbrow, by Frank Swinerton. The surviving member of a pair of old literary feudists is led, by his antagonist's death, to some uncomfortable conclusions about his own life. One of the best novels of a writer whose work is too little appreciated.

Pale Fire, by Vladimir Nabokov. A brilliantly clever arrangement of mirrors, trap doors and hidden staircases bamboozles readers, critics and perhaps characters in this thoroughly eccentric novel, most of which is in the form of a wily gloss of an old poet's last work, by an academic woodenhead who may or may not be the deposed, homosexual ex-king of a land called Zembla.

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. In a marvelously comic book, the sage of Yoknapatawpha County matches Mark Twain as a teller of tall stories.

An Unofficial Rose, by Iris Murdoch. Should old Hugh Peronneit sell the Tin-toretto and take up with his ex-mistress? In this intriguing novel of upper-class amorality, the answer leads to further questions, some of them philosophic.

Saint Francis, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The late great Greek novelist restores agony of soul to a saint too often portrayed as sickly sweet.

The Wax Boom, by George Mandel. A complex, absorbing narrative about a hard-driven infantry company in combat.

Ship of Fools, by Katherine Anne Porter. A brilliant, uncompromising portrait of human folly afloat and ashore.

Shut Up, He Explained, selections from Ring Lardner edited by Babette Rosenthal and Henry Morgan. A justly famous U.S. satiric wit happily revisited.

Patriotic Gore, by Edmund Wilson. A searching study of Northern and Southern writers as they reacted to the brutalities of the Civil War.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (1, last week)
2. **Youngblood Hawke**, Wouk (4)
3. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (2)
4. **The Bull from the Sea**, Renault (5)
5. **The Fox in the Attic**, Hughes (6)
6. **Devil Water**, Seton (8)
7. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (3)
8. **The Big Laugh**, O'Hara
9. **A Prologue to Love**, Caldwell (7)
10. **Chairman of the Bored**, Streeter

NONFICTION

1. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (1)
2. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (2)
3. **Calories Don't Count**, Taller (3)
4. **The Gums of August**, Tuchman (6)
5. **Conversations with Stalin**, Djilas (10)
6. **In the Clearing**, Frost (4)
7. **Six Crises**, Nixon (5)
8. **Scott Fitzgerald**, Turnbull (8)
9. **The Last Plantagenets**, Costain
10. **The Making of the President 1960**, White

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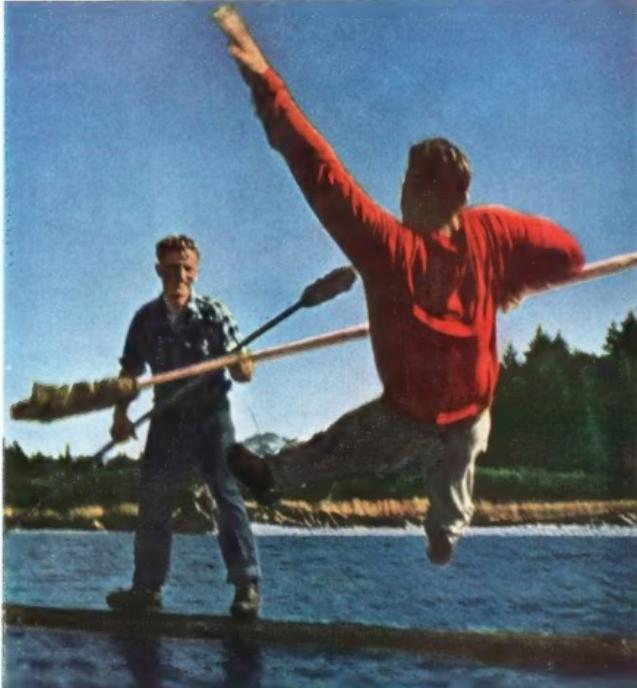


More than my heart sank when I took a logger's dare!

1. "I assumed I'd be a spectator during Logging Champion Time in Vancouver," writes Jerry Hansen, an American friend of Canadian Club. "But when a logger dared me to joust, I could either confess to cold feet or risk an icy bath. I took the challenge. He led me to the Sooke River, teeth-chattering cold all year. We stepped onto one of four fastened logs. Someone handed me a long, unwieldy pole, tipped with burlap. My only chance was to get in a quick, surprise thrust."



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2. "We got set. Then a voice yelled, 'Go!' The logger came on, sure-footed as a Cheshire cat—and grinning just as wide. I hefted my weapon awkwardly. Then he feinted with his shoulder. Automatically, I leaned back. He handled his pole like a cue stick as he lunged.

3. "Reeling, I tried to get my guard up. He crouched, then sent his pole at my shoulder with a marksman's accuracy. My feet shot out—a split second later I was up to my neck in icy waters! Shivering, I scrambled back to the log, to the laughter of the audience. The whole contest took no longer than 30 seconds."

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